Clifford & John's ALMANACK

By Clifford Raymond
Illustrated by John T. McCutcheon

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CLIFFORD RAYMOND

ILLUSTRATED BY

JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

CALCULATED FOR THE YEAR 1922,
BUT GOOD FOR ANY YEAR
CONTAINING A GREAT VARIETY
OF
USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING PIECES
PERTAINING TO

HUT HAPPINESS

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He cut a reed at the water's edge
and found he could play one note.

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JANUARY

1 **New Year's Day**

Edmund Burke born 1730; Louis XII of France died 1515.
Colder.

Some perceptions retain youth as they gain experience. For them it is always a young world. A snow storm is a renewal of young illusions. It flies against the brown of the woods. It bends the weeds of the fields. It feathers the spruce with white. The illusions of age are the verities of youth.

2 General Wolfe born 1727.
Snow.

It is no use to teach a cat to be comfortable.

3 Marcus Tullius Cicero born 107.
Earth in perihelion.

Chickadees at the suet box.
As the degree of kinship increases, so does the expectation to be unprotected by the amenities of friendship and exposed to the importunities of relationship.

HUT happiness is a protective state sought continually by some and occasionally by all as an escape from events and prospects which dismay. The human being is most sufficient when least in contact with conditions which dwarf his personality and suggest the insignificance of his tenure, his works and his emotions.

Within garden walls his tenure, works and emotions have importance created by the close definition of his horizon. It is difficult for the individual to remain great when the distances make the species small. Man looks at a primrose and is a man, at Sirius and is a midge.

Limitation of experience and restriction of observation are sought not only as physical and mental protection but also as a spiritual remedy against uncomfortable intimations of negligibility.

Thus one raises the walls of hut happiness and seeks an intensive life of small details made significant. The chickadee sings its spring song and the meadow lark from a March field of snow. Hepatica blossom on slopes facing south. The sap runs. Gardens are planted. Fields ripen. Harvest comes. The cicada is in the oak, acorns drop, the leaves color, frost comes and there is snow. Sirius shines upon the white fields of Christmas eve, but within the circle of the seasons and within the horizons of hut happiness a negligible being has been important.

4 Jacob Ludwig Carl Grimm born 1785.
Northeast wind and three logs for the fire.
Happiness is content in a comfortable and kindly mediocrity.

5 Edward the Confessor died 1066; Catherine de Medici died 1589.
More snow.
Life is a code of manners by which we present ourselves as what we want to be and deny ourselves as what we know we are.

6 Jeanne d'Arc born 1402; Benjamin Franklin born 1706.
Nuthatches at the feeding box.
Walks to make and the pump to dig out.

7 Fenelon de la Mothe died 1715.
Much colder.
A cheerful, whistling person goes by in the night and the squeak of the snow under his feet is in a higher key than his whistle.

8 Galileo Galilei died 1642.
A man may not put the core of his life outside the circumference of it and expect to be happy.

9 Caroline Lucretia Herschel died 1848.
A downy woodpecker at the suet box and two crows on a cottonwood fifty feet away. A foot of snow. The downy's cheerful red spotted head is genial. His economy is satisfied.

10 Archbishop Laud beheaded 1645.
She was a romantic celibate. He was a sensuous idealist. He wanted Aspasia and got a nun. She wanted Galahad and got a man.

11 Sir Hans Sloane died 1753.
Not so cold. A gray sky, with nearby horizons.

12 The Duke of Alva died 1583.
Snow.
The first of the buckwheat cakes. They improve as the batter grows older and ferments. Fermentation is a benignant law of nature. It became an outlaw in the saloon. If the housewife knew how to brew and the publican did not, freedom would be safer and intelligence saner.

NEW birth for the imagination when life is dead; birth at zero and under a foot of snow; new birth when the wind is out of the northeast and is under the eaves with threats; when every intimation is of death; a new birth of the year when all the year is dead.

For us in this climate it is a most daring reach of the imagination to start a new whirl of the wheel when every aspect of what surrounds us is convincing in its assertion that all things are dead, when the woods which had foliage are stripped, when the ground which was green is white, when the wind which was soft and fragrant is wild and cold, when life which was exuberant and rich is still and confined.

At this moment when the suggestion is of death and of eternal death we start a new year with renewed hope and renewed illusions, with new belief in the turn of the wheel, with new hope in prospects and in destiny, with renewed confidence in the benevolence of life, with renewed idea that the frost-filled ground holds nothing permanently that is of disadvantage to human kind.

13 George Fox died 1690.
The east wind puffs out his cheeks and blows.
A gray squirrel scolding in the wild grape vines.

14 Edmund Halley died 1742.
Snow with a strong wind. Drifts piling up in the woods and against the east wall of the house. Three logs of wood for the fire.
On such a night as this the boy with half of the ginger-bread man died in the drifts, sleeping, smiling and dreaming of the princess he had known and lost.

15 Talma born 1763.
Ten inches of snow. Walks to be made.
Cakes and pork sausage.
A mole has tunneled a snow bank. It can, and does, come out of any one of six exits and is burrowing to make new entrances and, evidently, new traverses. It may not like cracker crumbs nor cabbage leaves but will find them at two of the holes.

16 Edmund Spencer died 1599.
Passion deprives force of intellect.

17 Bernard de Montfaucon born 1655.
Saturn stationary.
Unhappiness is the negation of life.
Morning bright but misty; brilliance sifted through a white gossamer. Beautiful extravaganza—the spring song of the black-capped chickadee—"phoe-bee"; a vernal audacity in the teeth of winter.

18 John Baskerville died 1775.
Warmer. A dreamy fall of snow, large flakes with no drive of wind.
The greatest force is used dispassionately.

19 Nicholas Copernicus born 1472.
Colder.
I cannot hunt with the hounds. I must always run with the hare.

FOR each person the portal of each year is a narrower gate than the portal of the year before. The way, wide to youth, is a narrowing way. For genial and experienced postmeridian life, far enough from the winter solstice not to be frigid, and far enough away from the vernal equinox not to be enraptured, the unseen walls are converging. Old age finds the impasse.

The walls press in but are not oppressive, although to groping life there is a sense that they are just beyond the finger tips of hands outstretched.

A way that narrows, gate by gate, a way traveled blindly for unknown purposes to unknowable ends, might be terrifying; but this way, although traveled blindly with no certainty except the increasing certainty of pain and sorrow, is benevolent.

The gate of each year opens to diminished prospect, but to greater promise of good. Illusion so deludes perception that the way as it narrows brings the unknown good nearer. The portals of the years, which in fact take a gate toll from hope, in illusion quicken the expectation.

The unknown good, never found in fact nor revealed in experience, lies at the end of the narrowing way. The west window shows richer colors than the east. There is more promise in a sunset than in a sunrise.

Sunrise brings the pleasant fact of day, a thing wholly revealed and explained by experience. A sunset promises, beyond the night, something that experience has never revealed.

20 David Garrick died 1779.
Life is sensation controlled by prudence, modified by experience, threatened by prospect and validated by illusion.

21 Louis XVI of France beheaded 1793.
Very cold.
A wagon passes in the early morning and the creak of the wheels in the snow says "very cold."
Bacon, corn pone and eggs.

22 Francis Bacon born 1561.
Slightly warmer.
Life is a sum of experiences; to judge it by its background is tragic; to esteem it for its future is pathetic. It must be valuable in the perceived conditions of its present or it has no value.

23 William Pitt died 1806.
Three-foot icicles hang from the eaves.

24 Frederick the Great born 1712.
Snow crystals glitter in the white sunlight.
The last blossoms of the white narcissus potted in October.
A primrose plant for the table.

25 Robert Burns born 1759.
Hairy woodpeckers and sapsuckers at the suet box.
Pot amaryllis hybrid bulbs for indoor blooms in March.
Sirius and Orion are the glories of the night.

26 Francis Jeffrey died 1850.
A cardinal comes out of the thicket, brilliant against the snow.
A strong west wind which drifts the fine snow.

27 John James Audubon died 1851.
Venus and Moon in conjunction.
Nothing violent is intelligent.
Fine colors in the later twilight.

28 Sir Francis Drake died 1596.
A clear night with Sirius wonderful.

WHEN folk get up by candlelight and put the skillet on for cakes, the wheels of a wagon creak on the road, that creak of wheel rims on snow roads which means below zero.

Warmth, earned by effort, arises within, and the odor of cakes makes the late rising of the sun aromatic. Pig sausage and cakes and a genial fire within and the sounds of inclemency without. The bright day comes and the bold chickadee—what, alive and so bold!—sings cheerily in the brush.

A day of pleasant routine with labor made dignified by duty, the solvent of all human difficulties and distresses, the matchless organizer of humanity. A moment at evening when the sun is red at the edge of the snow fields in the west.

Night again, made frigid to the imagination by the blue white Sirius, a point of light seen through a south window, shining from a chill infinity which great suns cannot warm.

Timbers crack and the fire crackles. A January night at zero seeks every crevice of the house to reach the spine of the householder with frozen fingers. The sky is a cold vault where lost souls freeze. Cold looks in at the window and seeks to sit by the door, an aggressor seeking entrance.

As the fires die down the aggressor wrenches the timbers more violently. They crack more loudly. Snow creaks under foot as a hurrying wayfarer passes along the way. In the morning more cakes and again the chickadee.

29 Emperor Aurelian died 275.
Contentment is best talked of by such as have it without effort. Thus it represents the perfection of circumstances for self and not the conciliation of self to imperfect or unpleasant circumstances.

30 Walter Savage Landor born 1775.
Warmer.
Nearly all virtue is tranquillity or stolidly unvexed by desire.

31 Ben Jonson born 1574.
The tick of a clock is the footfall of the thieving moments which rob and run.

LIFE, always looking west, thinks it faces east. As it passes the meridian it continues so to think, but it comes to the west view and the sunset.

In hut happiness a day is important as it ends well. Youth sings at dawn. Postmeridian life is cautious. It knows the unreality of a sunrise promise. Sunset is the test. All ages are young at sunrise, but experience is content at twilight when youth may be dismayed.

Experience rejoices to approach a January sundown flaming through a brown and white world. Day comes to a period of content at the west window when the sun has gone down to leave lingering for a moment a greater glory than the glory of its presence.

Contentment then asks only for a thought of work at least half well done and of idleness at least half deserved. It asks for a book which has been dropped to the knees as the daylight faded. It needs a suggestion of creature comforts, a whiff from a competent kitchen where flesh-pots boil; a suggestion that presently lights are to be lighted and pleasant folk are to talk; with the suggestion, thus, that there is a moment of sanctuary as Venus, rising out of the fading colors, has the evening sky before the stars can blaze into the night.

FEBRUARY

1 Edward Coke, Lord Chief Justice of England, born 1551; Mary Woolstoncraft Shelley died 1851.

"Old February sitting in an old wagon."

The bluejay has a new note, on a mild day, which says there may be another spring and more hepatica.

2 **Candlemas**

Sir Owen Tudor died 1461; Giovanni di Palestrina died 1594.

We are the worse for the continuance of many grave superstitions; we are the worse for the loss of many light ones. We preserve what corrupts our thought and discard what would color our fancy.

3 John of Gaunt died 1399; Beau Nash died 1761.

Jupiter stationary.

Life without defeated promise and delayed expectation would be stale.

SIX-FOOT drifts encircling a small and intimate world give microscopic details the importance they must have. The drifts are barricades. Life is driven within them, isolated and particularized by them, and is resourceful as it has resources, barren as it is inherently arid.

Whatever it is, it is exposed by the elements which have driven it to cover and in microcosms it finds itself expressed. The nuthatch bobbing around the trunk of the white oak is a defiant insignificance which, in the narrowed and drift-inclosed world, within the view of the sanctuary of intensified comforts and reflection, is of bold importance, life indomitable, a speck against the white stretches but undismayed.

Through the south window, at which the white narcissus blooms, Sirius shines in the early evening. Sirius, with majesty of light years and radiant intimation of creative force, is insignificant, but the white narcissus perfumes the air and its petaled stars are important in a world into which no intimations of Sirius can penetrate.

Split logs of maple and birch throw glowing embers on the hearth and the fire reflections dance in the windows, beyond which the white surface of the inclosing drifts marks the limits of space, which has been diminished to the importance of man. Without heed of the clock, which sounds the foot falls of the running hours, he is large in a world grown small.

4 John Rogers burnt at Smithfield 1555; Giambatista Porta, natural philosopher, died 1615.

"Whoe'er has traveled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
Must sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome in an inn."

Service of self may produce the finest courtesy to others.

5 Marcus Cato died B. C. 46; Lewis Galvani died 1799.

If we had nothing to acquire from others we might all be unwilling to do anything for others.

Juncoes—the first seen since the snow came.

As the winter evening closes in, the sense of a continuing purpose changes every indoor comfort. There must be an appreciation of the purposes of a roof if a roof is to be more than so many shingles.

6 Jacques Amyot, Great Almoner of France, died 1593; Charles II of England died 1685.

Among the homely facts of life none is more significant than that of the line of smoke which in the evening of a February afternoon arises above the sanctuary of a cottage in which all human perplexities have been resolved into a durable relationship.

7 Charles Dickens born 1812; James, Earl of Moray (the Bonny), murdered 1592; M. Bourrienne, secretary to Napoleon, died in a madhouse at Caen, Normandy, 1834.

A clear white day.

The west window opens upon sunsets and short twilights.

8 Mary I, Queen of England, born 1516; Samuel Butler born 1612; Mary, Queen of Scotland, beheaded at Fotheringay, 1586.

Colder.

We reach into puddings for plums, but the plum is always tomorrow.

9 Bishop Hooper burnt at Gloucester 1555; Dr. Rowland Taylor burnt at Hadleigh 1555; David Rizzio murdered 1566; Henry, Lord Darnley, murdered 1567.

We mostly govern our talk by opinions, but our acts by instinct or convention.

THE northeaster carrying snow comes down upon the house at sundown. The four walls and the roof become shelter, more than an inclosure for life; sanctuary from ill. Comfort, which has been passive, becomes active. A log fire is an agent of friendship. Warmth is something which might be lacked. Small details of life are energized.

Contrast makes values. By it there is produced the enlargement of small things which, although nearly the whole sum of normal happiness, escape appreciation. When perception is dulled, contrast, even if it come cruelly, defines what is reality in happiness and what is fictitious in distress.

This is the esthetic value of pain. Arbutus carries its blossoms under the snow. As the wind whistles in the eaves the sense of shelter grows and glows. We put fresh logs on the fire and cut the leaves of a new book.

10 Isaac Vossius of Leyden died 1689; Montesquieu died 1755.
A supper of smoked goose breast.

11 Rene Descartes died 1650.
Cold.
A clear night and Orion actually strides across the firmament, a living figuration. Orion is the best of the constellations. He asks enough of the imagination and gives enough to the sight.

12 **Lincoln's Birthday**
Dr. Cotton Mather born 1663; Lady Jane Grey beheaded in the Tower 1555. Abraham Lincoln born 1809.
Mercury and Venus in conjunction.
The world was made for the tiger.

13 Catherine Howard beheaded 1543; Benvenuto Cellini died 1576; Cotton Mather died 1728; the Duke de Berri assassinated 1820.
A mild wind from the southwest.
Stars dwarf the importance of the human individual and leave him without a purpose in his cause or an objective in his effect. If he comprehends Sirius he is meaningless. If he ignores Sirius he is important.

14 **St. Valentine's Day**
Richard II of England murdered 1400; Captain James Cook killed at Owhyhee 1779.
I would build you a rose garden in the ruins of the world.

15 Galileo Galilei born 1564; John Philips, the cider poet, died 1708.
No clarity like the February whiteness; no sunlight so bright; no air so clear—as if the sun had gone south to the springs of youth and had come north renewed.

16 Philip Melanchthon born 1497; Gaspard de Coligny born 1516.
Twilight is returning to its proper place.

17 Michael Angelo Buonarotti died 1563; Jean Baptiste Poquelin Molière died 1673.
Below zero. The timbers crack in the night.
Carrots from the sand box in the cellar.

A FLOCK of black-capped chickadees comes through the snow scurries, through the fine dust of sifted snow blown from the tops of the white drifts. They come with cheery dashes and flirts of small, indomitable bodies which dare all the vastness of inclemency to disturb the tiny feathered embodiment of courage and conviction.

The benignance of nature is the assured illusion of man. The black-capped chickadee exposed to forces which have no consideration for the fate of the individual, is, in this illusion, ward of a benevolent order to which man turns when, dismayed by the fancied savagery of his own scheme, he seeks sanctuary.

The human order is one of the most precise guardianship of the individual, an idea conceived of his own importance and value, to give him comfort and cherish his egotism, to warm him and keep him safe. His illusions turn him from the protective scheme of his own creation which he thinks unkind, to the sanctuary he thinks exists in nature where forces obliterate the individual without compunction.

His true physical sanctuary is in his own scheme, but that distresses his idealism and dismays his thought. He turns to a sanctuary of illusion regarding nature. He thinks it kind. His whole history has been a record of escape from its cruelties. He makes Moloch a crooning mother.

18 Martin Luther died 1564.
A wise man does not put sirup on buckwheat cakes when the cakes have come to him from a fermented batter of pure grain grown on a rocky hillside and stone ground. It were less wicked to arrange a Brahms waltz to jazz.

19 Lucilio Vanini burnt as an atheist, Toulouse, 1619.
A cackling hen is the voice of spring.

20 Voltaire born 1694; Richard Gough, antiquary, died 1809.
Warmer.
Restless anticipation is rebellion and offends the spirit of content, but if the thought travel ahead a few weeks out of February and well into March it is not in protest against the conditions of the present, but rather in understanding of them.

21 Caius Caesar Agrippa died A. D. 4; James I of Scotland murdered 1437; Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, beheaded 1555.
Thawing.
It is a short time to the hermit thrush, to the fox sparrow and the rusty blackbird. It is not rebellion to yield to this anticipation. February and March will be as February and March but the sap is starting.

22 **Washington's Birthday**
George Washington born 1732; Smithson Tennant died 1815; Sydney Smith died 1845.
Rain.
Diocletian after twenty years of the purple went back to Dalmatia and raised cabbages. He had had hero happiness but knew that real happiness was in the hut.

23 Samuel Pepys born 1632; Sir Joshua Reynolds died 1792.
Gray skies and a drizzle.
It is a short time to the running of the maple sap and to the willow catkins.

24 Francis, Duke of Guise, assassinated 1563.
The wind rides low and swiftly.
Late in February there comes a definite break in the pleasant, intensitive monotony of winter. Expectancy, sensitive to the slightest touch of optimism, is at the east window.

FEBRUARY sunlight is the token of spring. Its clarity, even if it merely brightens and does not melt the fine siftings of snow on top of the drifts, even if it contains no warmth, but suffuses air tingling below zero, is an intimation.

It is intimation of the song of the meadow lark from a snow-filled field, of the bluebird on a post, of the hermit thrush scurrying through the brown leaves, of the first song of the wood thrush, of the swelling red and yellow buds, of pussy willows, black streams cutting through banks of new fallen snow, of soft earth and soft winds.

It is intimation of fresh odors and of thickets full of warblers, of perfumes from blossoming thorns, of sap running again and the nimbus of brown in the woods changing to the nimbus of green.

All this with the frost tugging at the house timbers at night and the white drifts dazzling and blinding in the very sunlight which suggests their disappearance and the re-emergence of the green with song.

25 Robert, Earl of Essex, beheaded 1600; Count Wallenstein assassinated 1634; Frederick I of Prussia died 1713.
Again the spring song of the chickadee.

26 Manfred of Tarento killed 1266; John Philip Kemble died 1823.
Fair and warmer.

27 The Emperor Geta murdered 212; John Evelyn died 1706.
We travel abroad in an intimate garden.

28 Michael de Montaigne born 1533; Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, murdered 1447.
Hut happiness is sought not only by philosophical mediocrity but by philosophical genius. It is found "in cunning enlargement, by a species of microscopic treatment, of those minute forms of satisfaction that offer themselves to everybody not in positive pain, which, thus handled, have much of the same inspiring effect upon life as wider interests cursorily embraced."

THE west window in late afternoon looks into woods of violet haze. The dark trunks arise above the white stretches, but where bare branches and twigs are laced and interlaced, a luminous haze, a glowing nimbus, softens the reality of the bleak ruggedness.

As the clear, frost washed, white sunlight of midday loses its radiance, the violet haze more and more bathes the fairy lacings in color, which denies the chill of apparent death mantled in white.

Sundown lights the candles and early dusk looks in at the west window, which has seen the light in the west and the nimbus of the trees disappear into a small world, colored even in its chill inaction with the violet haze of illusion and growing smaller as its candles are lighted for the intimate wants and needs of man. Man, meditative at his west window, is parochial; parochial in his hopes and ambitions, parochial by the necessities of his egotism, by the tiny limits of his powers in such perceivable vastness. His world is small that it may be benevolent, small that he may be purposeful, and violet colored that he may dream.

MARCH

1 François Rabelais died 1553; Anne, Queen of England, died 1619.
Pussy willow buds are white. To find this alien in a sapless world is to see against the sky on a distant hilltop an adventurous vidette who has ridden in advance even of his far advanced company and who, although but a speck against the sky, is the portent of what is to follow.

2 St. Chad died 673.
The bluebird will sing and a blizzard shall chase him for it; the crocus will bloom and a snowfall shall hide it.

3 Sir Nicholas Carew beheaded 1539; John Sturm, Lutheran teacher, died 1589.
Water in the stream runs black by a new fall of snow.
March is a mirage.

4 Saladin died 1193; Matthias Hoe died 1645.
Maples near the saptime and sugaring.
Cocks crow again at two o'clock in the morning.

THE wind's in the south and the sun is white. There is a thaw on the slope and song from the banks where the black rush of rippled waters breaks against stones released from ice and rolls the sand freed from frost.

White edges are the rims of the banks, but the waters are free. Last year's brown leaves with the odor of a creative decay have come to light again and the faint perfumes in the south wind are the new perfumes of a new world.

Wild geese go north in the red of evening and the night is a prophecy of change. Bluejays are in the white oaks. The sap is starting, the chickadee is singing, and in the woods, still with violet haze and nimbus of brown, the song is insistent.

The wind is in the south. Elastic life, released from repression, feels the renewal. Its days are young again, and the weight of its past is lifted by the rosy hands of its prospects.

The way that runs into the future is white with the blossoms of the shad bush and the promise is the odor of the thorn when the wind is in the south.

5 Odoacer, King of Italy, died A. D. 493; Henri I, Prince of Conde, died 1588; James, Duke of Hamilton, beheaded 1649.
Warmer.
March is all of winter and nearly all of spring.

6 Zachary Ursinus, German divine, died 1583.
Robins singing.
When a race has been long dead all that remains are evidences of marriage, eating, fighting and burial. The race may have had many perplexities, problems, issues and doubts, achievements and accomplishments, city clubs and journals of opinion. The record it leaves is that it propagated, ate, fought and died. Time is an acid. Only real facts endure.

7 Antoninus Pius, Roman emperor, died 162.
Warm winds.
Life is in the bud.

8 William III of England died 1702; Karl Johann (Bernadotte) of Sweden, died 1844.
Thawing.
The devil has a good time but the Puritan survives.

9 Francis Beaumont died 1616; John Calas broken on the wheel 1762.
The scud of fine March snow flying on the wind of a gray day, gray as the feathers of the flying wild goose, comes to a casement about to be opened.

10 Heliogabalus (Emperor) beheaded A. D. 222; Benjamin West died 1820.
A two inch fall of snow.
Plant radishes in the cold frame.

11 Torquato Tasso born 1544.
Meadow lark heard from the field.
Last fall's cut of white oak crackles in the fire.

WILD geese flying in the first light of dawn from the lake to the marsh in the valley, changing their formation and shifting their direction, but never the assurance of their purpose, silent, flying low, regimented by instinct, unquestioning and perfect in an established order.

Robins singing to this first light of dawn before feeding; bluejays not shrieking, but in the softest bird melodies; grackles bobbing in the maples; the bluebird singing from the fence; the meadow lark from the field.

Woods and fields growing in song; feathered waves of migrants; unseen waves of seen things, coming from the south under the impulse of the greatest law—singing, if the bluebird; silent, if the hermit thrush.

Maples wet in sap, thorns with swelling buds, hepatica uncurling furry spirals which soon will spread the slopes with white. The greatest law working its miracle of change with serenity, the greatest force revealing itself without the sound of marching feet, the greatest rhythm without the beat of drums.

There is only the song which fills the woods.

12 Caesar Borgia killed 1508.
Hut happiness does not seek a limitation of intelligence, but contentment in limitation of sensation.

13 Belisarius died 565; Jean de la Fontaine died 1695.
Must all of happiness be the future, all of sorrows the past, and nothing valid of the present?

14 Simon Morin burned 1663; Admiral John Byng shot at Portsmouth 1757.
Expectancy survives facts.
Hepaticas are uncurling white, fuzzy stems under the dead leaves.
Arcturus in the late evening sky.

15 Julius Caesar assassinated B. C. 44.
No one really lives who does not smell the soil and know that some fruits are his own.
Hollyhock leaves spread out.

16 Tiberius Claudius Nero died A. D. 37; the Emperor Valentinian III assassinated 455.
A thunderstorm.
Frost is still in the ground but it has gone from the soul.
The chickadee has been and is the most cheerful, indomitable neighbor of the days.

17 **St. Patrick's Day**
Cneius Pompeius killed B. C. 45; Marcus Aurelius Antoninus died A. D. 180; Philip Massinger died 1640.
Mid March is a casement half opened.
There is a robin's song in the morning.

18 John Caldwell Calhoun born 1782; Sir Robert Walpole died 1745; Lawrence Sterne died 1768.
Hens are scratching in the leaves.
Orion is sinking in the west with his jeweled belt.

LIFE is tested by its west window. The east window is the common casement for all optimism and aspiration, hope and faith. It receives the sunrise. It does not know experience. It opens upon expectation. All east windows are alike. West windows are as different each from the other as the folk, who sit by them and through them watch the sunset, are different each from the other.

The east window expects experience; the west window has known it. The west window has the day in retrospect, and its view is placid as the experience has been justifiable. It may have contained pain, but it has known joy. It has brought a content and acceptant person to the colors of the sunset, satisfied to have had the day, and finding in the glory of its end no regrets for the splendor of its beginning or the brightness of its meridian.

The day is tested at the west window at sundown, the year at the west window when the woods are brown, life at the west window when the meridian has been crossed.

Willow catkins have broken through their shells, buds are swelling, sap is starting, and the east window is ajar to receive the fragrance of returning life. It will open to renewed hope and aspiration, illusion and anticipation, but the test is in the west.

19 Alexander Severus murdered 235; Spencer Compton, Earl of Northampton, killed at Hopton Heath 1643.

HUT HAPPINESS.

"When to my farm retired, how do I live?
If any ask, this short account I give:
The gods, at first light, I do adore,
And place this care all other cares before.
My grounds I visit then, and servants call,
And their just tasks I do impose on all.
I study next, arouse my poetic vein;
My body then anoint and gentle strain
With some meet exercise; exult in mind
At every turn myself both free to find
From crime and debts; last I bathe, sup, laugh, drink.
Jest, sing, rest, and, on all that passes, think.
A little lamp the while sends forth a ray
Which to my nightly studies makes a day."

20 The Emperor Publius Gallienus assassinated at Milan A. D. 268; Henry IV of England died 1413.

The sun enters Aries; first day of Spring.

Bluebirds and meadow larks.

Snowdrops in blossom.

21 Archbishop Cranmer burnt at Oxford 1556; Duc d'Enghien shot at Vincennes 1804.

There is a velvet fuzz on the sumac. Wild geese fly towards the lake. Sugar maples are running sap. Tulips show their shoots. Orion is sinking in the west. Fat buds are on the pine and spruce. A meadow lark sings from a field of snow.

22 Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, beheaded at Pontefract 1322; Thomas, Duke of Clarence, slain in Anjou 1421; Jonathan Edwards died 1758.

THE THREE AGES OF MAN.

Youth to Victory—
"It is I."
Maturity to Disappointment—
"It is I."
Age to Death—
"It is I."

THE white scud of snow in March is the tang of the promise. It does not discourage expectancy. It gives it buoyancy. Regret may ride with the flying snow in a north wind in November. That is the forefinger of the dead white hand. It shakes the dead yellow leaf and rattles the closed casement.

The fine March snow, flying on a gray day, gray as the feathers of the flying wild goose, is an exhilarant. It sprays against the casement about to open. It whirls in wisps over the frost-glazed ground which to-morrow will be soft under foot.

It flies in dancing, gusty waves across the field which to-morrow will give the first song of the meadow lark. It lies glistening in the moonlight of night which will soon be odorous. Perfumes and songs are carried even in the spits of snow which whiten the March wind, whose song is part of the song of songs. There is no white dead hand back of this. There is the white of thorn blossoms and of the shad bush, the white of petals shaken from the near, warm and sweet-smelling future, which smiles in at the opening windows of expectancy. Life is in the bud behind the blur of snow.

23 Peter the Cruel, King of Castile, died 1369.
Rabbits are eating the budding shoots, stripping them of bark. Blackbirds fly overhead.

24 Haroun-al-Raschid died 809; Elizabeth, Queen of England, died 1603.
A curtain raised on Spring.
The world is creating itself anew. Buds are swelling, sap running, blossoms starting, leaves forming.

25 Nehemiah Grew, anatomist of vegetables, died 1711.
The south wind is warm and water runs off the hills. There is a hand at the door.

26 Sir John Vanbrugh died 1726.
March coaxes for the open casement and gets the storm window.

27 Ptolemy XIII of Egypt drowned in the Nile B. C. 47.
The meadow lark sings on the sill of the magic casement which is open to Spring.

28 Margaret Woffington died 1760.
Whatever man does to the animals which provide his subsistence is less cruel, even the case of the spring lamb, than what nature would do to them if they had to provide their own subsistence.

29 Henry Percy, Third Earl of Northumberland, killed at the battle of Towton 1461; Emanuel Swedenborg died 1772.
Hepatica.
There is red in the stems of the wild rose.

30 Phocion, Athenian general, died B. C. 317.
A flight of cross bills from the conifers.
Last year's leaves still deny the possibility of this year's growth.

31 Francis I of France died at Rambouillet 1547; Ludwig Beethoven died 1827; Charlotte Bronté died 1855.
Wild geese flying in the first light of dawn; robins singing before feeding; woods and fields growing in song; maples wet with sap.

THE first clear song of spring, piped as by a shy immortal of the woods, as from a covert of reeds by a green bank beside clear water, comes from the field of gray and brown, the first call of the meadow lark, vibrant to a gray day, thrown to the north wind and carried with its colored and odorous intimations through the open window of the imagination.

This first song arises from every depressent condition of the present and thrills into the future. It comes from the ground still glazed with frost or soggy at the touch of thaw. It fills the air as if it came from above, charged with benefactions.

The gray day brightens with unconquerable suggestions. The wind which carries the clear piping has an edge, but back of it are the perfumes of blossoms. There may be patches of snow and bleakness when the meadow lark first sings, but at its note the thorn blooms. The fields are green which had been gray. The air is soft which had been sharp. The mind is open which had been closed. One call from the field and there is a murmur of soft rain, a glint of warm sunshine, the sight of a bank covered with hepatica and the flash of a wild rosebud.

The future smiles when the meadow lark sings from the gray field glazed with ice.

APRIL

1 **All Fool's Day**
Tamerlane died 1405; Robert III, King of Scots, died 1406.
April is a crier of green sauce.

2 Arthur, Prince of Wales, died 1502; Jean Barth died 1702.
Hollyhock leaves broadening.
Bluebirds.

3 Washington Irving born 1783; Prince Arthur, Duke of Brittany, murdered at Rouen 1203.
A little patch of ground may give many crops.

IN each mind there is a secret window which may be opened to the perfumes and soft winds from a land into which the imagination may be projected, but which the feet will never tread. It opens to songs unsung but heard and to beauty unseen but living.

These casements open at the first suggestion of imponderable good, which comes as an intimation of spring with odors from future thorn blossoms and the song unsung of the wood thrush.

These magic casements open upon the red of the evening and let in the recollections of enduring good preserved in experience and prospects of continuing good offered by hope. They open upon life as it seems to be and are closed to life as it is.

The soft winds which bring the brown face of the earth from under the drifts are winds from the land beyond the red of twilight. Eaves drip with melting ice and gusty rains drench the windows. Snow rides with the north wind and the song of the chickadee is checked by returning cold, but the casements are opening to the promise and, as the sap starts from the frozen ground, the unsung song of a world which is not, comes with the perfumes of white blossoms not in bloom.

4 Oliver Goldsmith died 1774; Lalande died 1807.
Jupiter in aphelion.
A miracle of transformation; a raising of the curtain; fields alive with robins, singing with meadow larks; bluebirds on the fence posts; red wing blackbirds in the marshes; fox sparrows in the underbrush; soft wind from the south; the ponderable presence of Spring.

5 Thomas Hobbes born 1588; Danton guillotined 1794.
Hermit thrush scratching in the dead leaves.
Vega is back in the evening sky.

6 Richard I, Coeur de Lion, died 1199; Laura de Noves died 1348.
Soft rains.
Rusty blackbirds ecclesiastic on the turf.

7 William Davenant died 1668; William Godwin died 1836.
Blood Root.
The grackle sounds as a garden gate swinging on rusty hinges.
The song of the hylas.

8 Caracalla assassinated 217; John the Good, King of France, died 1364.
Soft winds and rains.
In an idle hour by a south wall consider the hepatica which presents its blossoms as soon as the returning warmth has given them strength to lift the covering of matted leaves. It is ready for the first touch of Spring. It grew its foliage last year. It was prepared.

9 Constantine II, Roman emperor, assassinated 340; La Belle Gabrielle died 1599; Francis Bacon died 1626.
Spring onions under glass.
Hermit thrush.

10 Louis II, King of France, "Le Beque," died 879; Prince Eugene of Savoy died 1736.
Any person whose childhood was spent considerably afield extracts a keen pleasure from hearing for the first time in spring the pipe of the meadow lark and after that will find a daily satisfaction in noting even the superficial phenomena of the bird movement.

IN a film of green at the top of the world the yellow-hammer cries and the woods and fields awake. It is the cry of the orchard and grove, of a warm, moist day to come when cherry blossoms scent the air, when there is a haze of white close to every house and when hens cluck in the steaming barnyard.

This is in fancy, but in reality there is only the film of green and the cry of the yellow-hammer, only this and the hepatica on the slopes, the song of the bluebird, the song of the meadow lark in the morning from a field, and the song of the robin at evening to the chill, red twilight.

All things are in promise rather than in fact, but each reality has a promise and each fact is a bud. Early April writes in the index. It is a foreword and a promise. It is an intimation of perfume, a glint of color, a suggestion of warmth. There is, in reality, only the film of green, the unfolding bud and the song from the heart of the field.

11 Cardinal Beaufort died 1447; Stanislaus Poniatowski, the last king of Poland, died 1798.
Warm.
Tree and bushes a-twitter with song sparrows; blackbirds overhead, flying swiftly; sacerdotal blackbirds, of waddling stride, in the leaves on the ground; bluebirds on the fence posts; a tanager in the white oaks.

12 Seneca ordered to death by Nero 65.
Cold.
Meadow lark in the field, robins singing from the tree tops; frogs in the marshes; midges dancing in the sunlight; incense arising from the moist woods; oaks shedding the last of their leaves.

13 Henry, Duke of Rohan, died 1638; Handel died 1759.
Jonquils and tulips.
Buds swelling, bulbs pushing shoots through the soil, hepatica and blood root in blossom, May-apples raising their umbrellas.

14 Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick (the king maker), killed at Barnet 1471; Abraham Lincoln assassinated 1865.
Juncoes in a newly seeded patch of lawn.
Folk who have given up pleasure to necessity in the strong years of their life find later that as necessity disappears it takes its hostage with it. They give up to habit what they gave up to necessity.

15 George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, died 1632; Madame de Maintenon died 1719; Madame de Pompadour died 1764.
Snow, a heavy wet fall which sticks to twigs and limbs, making a white fairy land of the woods.

16 Madame Tussaud died 1850.
The new snow disappears in the morning warmth.
Life is a sum of sensations.

ORIOLES sing to the early light of day. Bright cretonnes at white windows wave lightly in light winds. Mid-April impulses come to the waking moment. The husks of winter are stripped from man.

The four walls of hut happiness which have contained the intensified life of winter are now lattice-like and open to the invitation of outdoors. Illusion which has been within four walls goes abroad again into a pleasant world of genial process and purposes, eternally resurgent in physical form and spiritual significance out of the husk of its dead self.

This resurgence is of a million forms of life seeking subsistence each at the expense of another form. It is the recurrence of the struggle which has been suspended during winter inanition. Such is the beneficience of illusion that the return, in the spring, of the savage search of life for life, has nothing but a gracious aspect and nothing but the sound of song.

We hear the oriole and do not see the hawk. Illusion glosses what sentiment would abhor.

Casements made magic by what they admit are wide to all the fragrance and sound of returning life. The hard maple blooms. Warblers fill the thickets.

Bright cretonnes at white windows wave lightly in light winds and the oriole is in the orchard.

17 Marino Falieri, doge of Venice, executed 1355; George Villiers, Second Duke of Buckingham, died 1687.

Profanity is a ritual. It is a condensing and formulizing of experience. Hence ritualistic. Many generations have contributed to both profanity and prayer. Great emotions draw upon the accumulated experience of the breed and seek the expressions which have been proved by time. In fear, reverence or gratefulness we use the ritual of prayer; in anger, shock or astonishment, the ritual of profanity.

18 John Fox died 1587.

A cold rain.

Shad-bush in blossom.

May-apples have unfolded their umbrellas.

Fox sparrows.

19 Philip Melanchthon died 1560; George, Lord Byron, died at Missolonghi 1824.

He wanted to talk as a beadle and Jones wanted to talk as Bismarck. Not even a bar room could hold their argument.

20 Eliza Barton, the Maid of Kent, executed at Tyburn 1534.

Warmer.

Yellowhammers picking at the cottonwood. A phoebe sings in a hop hornbeam. Vesper sparrows billowing over the fields. Song of the fox sparrow. Jack in the pulpit is erect. A house wren hops about on the wood pile.

21 Alexander the Great died 323 B.C.; Peter Abelard died 1142.

Much warmer.

Hepaticas whiten the woods, violets are out, trilliums blossom with great white petals.

Vega well up in the evening sky.

22 Henry Fielding born 1707; Immanuel Kant born 1724; Gillaume de Malsherbes beheaded 1794.

A great horned owl at midnight hoots in the woods.

23 William Shakespeare died 1616; William Wordsworth died 1850.

It is the function of life to be destructive as well as constructive. Destruction is a part of life as necessary as construction.

THE meadow lark sings from the field and the bluebird from a post, the hermit thrush is back in the brown leaves and buds are red; a green film has run over the top of the earth.

Snowdrops blossom, the jonquils are in bud, and tulips have thrust the spirals of their leaves above the frost-cleared ground. Wintered parsnips are dug up for the skillet; young green onions are in the cold frame.

At every gust of the east wind the white oak is robbed of brown leaves which have weathered the winter storms; with every breeze of the south wind a new song comes; frogs are in the pools at the field's edge and in the pool by the willows.

Magic fingers are opening the windows and the songs heard but unsung are becoming songs sung to be heard. Intimation and suggestion, which have whispered to the hopes of men, change to realities for the sight of men. What has been in portent benevolent becomes tangible in benevolent fact. The promise of the lengthening day with the sun coming north on the western rim of the world, is a fact in the swelling bud and in the bluebird on the post.

24 Daniel Defoe died 1731.
Neptune stationary. Heavy rains and thunderstorms at night.

25 Torquato Tasso died 1595; William Cowper died 1800.
The ruby-crowned ringlet.

26 David Hume born 1711; Ferdinand Magellan killed, Isle of Matan, 1521; Carsten Niebuhr died 1815.
The wood thrush, the voice of the twilight.

27 Philip the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, died 1404; John James Ankershom, regicide, executed in Stockholm, 1792.
Warmth and contentment.
A flock of noisy grackles overhead in the morning. Catbird in the wych-hazel.

28 Count Struensee executed at Copenhagen 1772.
A cold east wind and three logs for the fire.
Life is a complex of sensation and emotion. If neither have justified it, it has not at all been justified.

29 John Cleveland died 1659; Michael Ruyter, Dutch admiral, killed by a cannon ball in Sicily fighting the French 1676.
Life is as the night sky, dear,
With love its only star.

30 Chevalier Bayard killed 1524; John, Count de Tilley, died 1632.
The robin is too obvious. He is the conventional symbol of spring because he is hardy and never farther than a night's flight away from a loose worm. If we had arctic worms, snow worms, he would remain all winter, as the bluejay frequently does. Popular fancy demands the obvious. For that reason the commonplace robin—as interesting as an English sparrow—is the popular symbol of the spring resurrection. The birds of romantic passage, which winter in the Caribbean and breed near Hudson Bay, come and go and are unknown.

THE secret of hut happiness is that it represents the acceptance of the commonplace emotion. This may be a dignified contentment in mediocrity in which is the only justification for life. Life cannot find its warrant in the exceptional experiences of restlessly successful ambition, but must look for it in the normal happenings of commonplace folk. Life cannot be squared to reason if it insists upon distinction or unusual achievement or unusual experience. That would be seeking a value in exemption from the common lot. It would imply or insist that the normal was unsatisfactory or unworthy, and it would be a denial of justification to the whole scheme.

There may be ecstasies in distinction, but there is value only in mediocrity, or rather, if there be no value in mediocrity there are no values at all. If the physically and spiritually pleasant sensations of hut happiness, heightened by appreciation of the small detail of day to day existence, be not esthetically complete, then life is a failure for all except Cæsar. Humans cannot admit that their masses are merely fertilizer for the rare bloom which alone can justify them.

Normal sensations of health, normal observations and perceptions may not be ecstasy, but they must be sufficient. That does not deny ambition its place, but it takes the agony out of egotism. A rational acceptance of life, a plate of buckwheat cakes and a dish of bacon in the morning, a day of work, a return to fire, fleshpots, carpet slippers, and a book, the light of the moon, Venus and Jupiter, and this rounded out by sleep into twenty-four hours is an entity which needs no other justification.

MAY

1 **May Day**
Arcadius, Emperor of the East, died 408; John Dryden died 1700.
"In May hit murgeth when hit dawes."
Sweet-William and birdsfoot violets.

2 Leonardo da Vinci died 1520.
Cold rain at night.
Cottonwood in blossom; fox sparrows, juncoes, hermit-thrush, hawks, trilliums.

3 Nicholas Machiavelli born 1469; Dr. Isaac Dorislaus assassinated 1649.
Dandelions have spread their cloth of gold; the threnetic banshee, the whippoorwill, reiterant and insistent, is back in the dark woods.
Long stems on the violets.

MAY—the idealization of spring, the marvel of regeneration, odorous and green, sweet as a virgin, scented with lilacs and wreathed in violets, sung to by the hylas and wood thrush, sung to by the whippoorwill, young and timid with its oak buds, bold with its grasses.

It is a caress—a caress which touches when the giver is not within arm reach. It suggests tenderness and does not reveal it. It is reticent and the delicacies of its grace and sweetness are inviolable.

It causes bold arms to want the full contact of expression which would realize possession, but the bold arms do not even move. The inviolability of May is that of the shad bush when against the filmy new green of the woods the white blossoms star the background.

A thunderstorm shatters these blossoms. A violent wind will scatter them. They live their time only if they may be undisturbed by force. They are the symbols of May.

May is a songful, promiseful, odorous moment in the processes of the year when light winds carry the sweetness of the earth abroad and when life arises in fresh ceremonials to proclaim that it lives and is lovable.

4 Edward, Prince of Wales, son of Henry VI, died at Tewkesbury 1471; Louis XIII of France died 1643; Tippoo Sahib, Sultan of Mysore, killed at Seringapatam 1799.

Warm rains and a southwest wind.

Sugar maple flowering. Shad-bush blossoms. Mocking bird—a stray—sings in the morning. Red and gray catkins of the large toothed aspen.

5 Emperor Justinian born 482; Napoleon Bonaparte died 1821.

Porch weather. Catbirds in the thorns; thorns in half-leaf.

Sow cabbage in the nursery bed, radishes in the garden and transplant Brussels sprouts from the hotbed.

Elms have blossomed. The oven bird sings at sunrise.

6 Charles, Duc de Bourbon, killed at Rome 1527; Cornelius Jansen died 1638.

Begin potato planting.

We have an esthetic and moral advantage over a latitude which gives no or very slight change. Better a period of gray and frost with a return to life than a continuity of luxuriance. We experience life and death, force and inaction. We climb heights and go down into valleys.

7 Otto the Great, emperor, died 973; Jacques Auguste de Thou, French historian, died 1617.

Plant peas.

Many chewinks, flickers, kinglets and vesper sparrows.

8 Alain René le Saye born 1668; Antoine L. Lavoisier, chemist, guillotined 1794.

Nationality is a song, a grandiloquent expression, an heroic motive, a magnificent and defiant gesture ennobling so small a thing as man in the sight of so contemptuous a thing as time.

Mosquitoes.

9 Cardinal de Bourbon died 1590; Comte de Lally executed at Paris in 1766.

Mars in Virgo.

Shooting stars on the hillside.

In spots protected against the human vandal who destroys what he likes, the yellow lady-slipper has its buds ready to unfold. The yellow moccasin has withstood man better than the pink, but the history of our native orchids is the history of the beautiful Polynesians. They came in contact with the white man and perished.

THERE is a fringe of green on the roof of the woods on flowering maples and budding oaks, and the catbird sings from a half green thorn. Meadow rue has unfolded its tightly packed leaves, willows are lustrous, and the full tented camps of the May-apple have pushed their way up from the soil and are spread.

The wax-white petals of the blood root are dropping, hepatica are fading, and violets are in bloom. The chewink sings in the thickets and white throats in the wild grape vines.

The appeal to the perception is that of the dominant, returning green, covering the earth and roofing the woods. Here is delicate fragility and conquering force combined. A piece of steel, steam driven, could not have come up through the clay more certainly than the blade of grass which may be flattened under the light feet of a juncoe.

Beauty of color and of youth thus has the astounding power of great force. The delicacy of green which spreads under foot and begins to roof the groves is that of a thing irresistible in essence and fragile in form.

Grackles mate and the yellow-hammer cries from the elm. The shad bush prepares its blossoms and the wild rose is red budded along its branches. Honeysuckle is near full leaf. Everywhere the green runs and climbs with the climbing sap.

10 Mareschal de Marillac beheaded at Paris 1632; Louis XV of France died 1774.

The blackbird follows the plow. House wrens, catbirds, brown thrashers. Thorns in blossom.

Golden bantam corn planted; nasturtiums planted.

Columbine and honeysuckle.

11 David I, King of Scots, died 1153; Jacques de Molay, Grand Master of the Templars, burnt at Paris 1310; Madame Recamier died 1849.

Baltimore orioles and rose-breasted grosbeaks.

Life seeks regularity. It tries to substitute convention and credulity for cause and effect, not seeing that cause and effect is an absolute formula and convention and credulity is an undependable fiction.

12 Thomas, Earl of Strafford, executed 1641; Christopher Smart died 1771.

A late flight of wild geese.

Plant beans. Nearly any soil will grow them.

13 Empress Maria Theresa born 1717; Johan Van Olden Barneveldt, Dutch statesman, beheaded 1619.

Indigo buntings in flocks in a ravine.

14 Henry IV of France assassinated 1610; Henry Grattan died 1820.

Make a pool in the garden and plant water lilies. A half-barrel, sunk, will make a pool. Try nymphaea graciella and nymphaea pygmaea.

15 Mademoiselle Champmele died 1698; Edmund Kean died 1833.

Blackburnian warblers in the silver poplars.

16 Samuel Bochard died 1667; Paul Rapin de Thoyras died 1725.

Phlox and wild geraniums in bloom.

Is the present valuable only for its prospects and never for itself?

17 Heloise died at Paraclete Abbey 1163; Catherine I of Russia died 1727.

The shad-bush blossoms for a moment and is gone for a year.

Dutchman's breeches are out.

WHEN the green is a filament of gossamer in which the tanager flashes and the brown thrasher sings, the shad bush blossoms. This is a period of fairy and virginal delicacy, a hesitant moment and hardly more than a moment.

When the shad blossoms, trilliums are specking the woods with white, violets have come in place of the hepatica, and warblers keep the thickets rustling. The whippoorwill is back in the night woods, and the red Antares is just showing in the evening sky.

Thorns and choke cherries blossom, and oak leaves have gained outline against the sky. The woods, which soon will be closed with masses of green, are still open. It is a moment when such fragility as the beauty of the shad blossom has the setting it needs.

It is not engulfed in the full luxuriance of later foliage. It comes to a stirring but only half awakened world, to one which shows the freshness of the bud rather than the maturity of the full leaf. In its delicacy it is the bloom of youth. It is not for rough conditions. A pelting rain will destroy it over night. It is a flash of beauty in the woods, an evanescent delight which touches the earth and is gone.

18 Elias Ashmole, antiquary, died 1692; Charles Perrault, who wrote Bluebeard, Tom Thumb, Cinderella, etc., died 1703.

The wood thrush sings his vesper song. In the dark of the night the whippoorwill follows. The June bug, ancient scarab, pursues his ancient way of blundering towards the light and coming to his impassé.

19 Anne Boleyn beheaded 1536; James Boswell died 1795.

"It is lucky for you that martins should build against your house, for they will never come where there is strife."

Orioles are hunting strings and ravelings.

20 Christopher Columbus died 1506; Charles Bonnet, naturalist, died 1793.

The honeysuckle has full leaves and buds. Fox grass is waving in the fields.

Stake the tomatoes.

21 Cornelius Tromp, Dutch admiral, died 1691; Queen Anne of England died 1724; Maria Edgeworth died 1849.

Tanagers friendly.

Grub the weed before it seeds.

22 Emperor Constantine the Great died 337; Henry VI of England murdered in the Tower of London 1471.

The May-apple has its flowers.

The ephemeral midge, a second's existence in finite life, a fragile thing that a breath might crush, asserts its continuity through the scheme of things. It reveals the fecundity of forces which produce and continue to produce life in the form of the utmost fragility and in the terms of indestructibility.

23 Jerome Savonarola burnt at Florence 1498.

Wild strawberries in blossom.

Rose-breasted grosbeaks at the feeding ground.

Sow beans and carrots.

24 Charles von Linné (Linnaeus), naturalist, born 1707; Nicholas Copernicus died 1543.

Cardinals and purple grackles.

Plant beans and corn when the oak leaves unfold.

A HILL slope facing south, white and pink in spots with hepatica, radiant revivals of force which has barely touched the viburnum and has not touched the wych-hazel; a hundred juncoes with white bills pecking in the newly seeded grass plot at the top of the slope; robins in the clump of sumac; chickadees by twos in the white oak.

A fox sparrow singing in the thicket; a yellow-hammer skirling in the maples; nuthatches descending the oaks head downward; brown creepers everywhere; thrush in the red oak; hermit thrush in the dead leaves.

Wild geese out of sight but within hearing; a sap-sucker at work on a nearby tree; woodpeckers, downy and hairy, in rapid flight and mucilaginous alightings; an oriole in ecstasy; a flight of crows; a meadow lark far away, but within hearing and worth hearing; a phœbe bird unseen but heard.

Green shoots of the May-apple showing; grass revealing the force which causes each blade to come up through the earth, each a slender shaft to pierce such resisting obstacle —just a spring morning when the human being, shielded from the edged east wind, may intelligently rejoice that the earth, being inclined upon its axis, gives him four seasons and is not upright thereupon to give him only one.

Better four months of snow and ice if thereafter comes the slow raising of the curtain and the consciousness that life works in a circle, from resurrection to fullness, to decay, to extinction, to resurrection.

25 Cardinal D'Amboise, minister of Louis XII, died 1510; Dr. William Paley died 1805.
A Russian mulberry tree will keep birds from the cherries.

26 The Venerable Bede, historian, died 735; Samuel Pepys died 1703.
Venus in perihelion.
Keep the soil ventilated and conserve moisture in the garden.

27 Dante Alighieri born 1265; John Calvin died 1564.
A nesting wren has been coaxing, from her nest, an errant mate who has neglected his duty as a provider and has escaped from his obligations which in fulfillment so well became him and, around the house, sits on a limb and is a shameless man about the woods. An Aspasia hears his song. The wife wren sits on her eggs and coaxes with soft appeal to win back the lackgrace and goes without her dinner. Towards evening she abandons coaxing and takes to war. The lackgrace and Aspasia get a dressing down which is a wren epic. He returns to work. She settles contentedly down on her eggs.

28 William Pitt born 1759; St. Bernard of Savoy died 1008; Madame de Montespan died 1708.
Lilacs abloom.
Sow early cabbage in the nursery bed.

29 Patrick Henry born 1736; Empress Josephine died 1814.
Neglect is the nursery of insects.
Man who ends with a spade should live with one.

30 **Memorial Day**
Peter the Great of Russia born 1672; King Arthur died 542; Jeanne d'Arc burnt at Rouen 1431; Voltaire died 1778.
Spray for chewing insects.
He made a Lazarus of to-morrow to make a rich man of to-day.

31 Marshal Lannes died 1809; Joseph Grimaldi, comedian, died 1837.
The flood of the year approaches.

HONEYSUCKLE blossoms wave in the lazy wind and the iris blooms. The soft days flood into light with song and warmth and ebb into darkness with song and perfume. The senses find a pause in the forceful processes which have been urging the spear of grass through the yellow clay, the sap of the tree into the pink bud, the song into the throat of the wood thrush.

In this phenomenon of resistless force, the force of creation, there ought to be at intervals a sense of pause and rest. Even as the wild rose is forced, by the power which controls it, to flush its stem and put forth its red bud—even as this wild rose—the human is forced to display the crimson of a power which holds it tense, but intensity allows it to ask for a moment of observation and contemplation.

Life is a brutal swirl of controlling forces, without mercy, without compunction, without regret. These forces take it as if it were a chip in the rapids and toss it against a jut of rocks or into a bed of violets. The chip does not know where it may go. The force which controls it does not care. One is resistless, the other irresistible, and chance sits with callous fingers handling indifferent dice to say whether it be rocks or violets.

In this scheme of indomitable good for the species and uncertain good for the individual, there ought to be, and are, periods when life rests and is content to perceive and receive what may be in the moment as it is. Such a period is the approach to June.

JUNE

1 Nicolas Poussin born 1594; Jerome of Prague burnt at Constance 1416; Christopher Marlowe died 1593.
Phlox and wild geraniums.
His boldness goes on crutches.

2 Nicolas le Fevre born 1544; James Douglas, Earl of Morton, beheaded at Edinburgh 1581.
The yellow lady-slipper.

3 Bishop Aylmer died 1594; William Harvey died 1657.
Cooler.
I shall go out into the dark alone and be cold and alone forever.

4 George III of Great Britain born 1738; Muretus died 1585.
Warm. Saturn stationary.
Viburnum in bloom.

THE real voice of spring, of spring when the shad bush speckles the oak woods and stands in fairy finery against the filmy green of new buds just showing green, is the voice of the wood thrush.

Early spring, before the hepatica have raised themselves above the brown, dead leaves, the voice is that of the meadow lark; but now, when the bluebird sings in ecstasy and when the catbird is intoxicated with the sound of his own outpourings, the real melody of violet time and lilac time comes from the throat of the wood thrush, greeting the morning or saying good-night to the day.

In human experience there is much joy and much sadness, and in the notes of the wood thrush there is all of human experience, a lyric expression of what sentient and perceptive human beings feel as they awake fresh to begin a day or as they sit at west windows to watch the curtains of the night being drawn upon its colored death.

As the day begins and as it dies the wood thrush sings the song of human experience and people know that in its exquisite sadness is the song of themselves.

5 Count D'Egmont and Count Horn beheaded at Brussels 1568; Carl Maria von Weber died 1826.
Mercury stationary. Warm rains.
You do not see the egg on your own chin.

6 Ariosto died 1533; Louise, Duchess de la Valliere, died 1710; Patrick Henry died 1799.
Cooler. Jupiter stationary.

7 Robert Bruce, King of Scots, died 1329; Frederick William III, King of Prussia, died 1840.
Thunderstorms.
Plant more golden bantam.
An omniscient God would go crazy.

8 Emperor Nero died 68; Mohammed died 632; Edward, the Black Prince, died 1376.
A crocus is as Sirius; a pink lady-slipper is as Antares.

9 Jeanne D'Albret, Queen of Navarre, died 1572; Dr. Abraham Rees died 1825.
Wherever there is a wild rose there is beauty.
In the case of Jonah the real misfortune was the whale's.

10 Emperor Frederick Barbarossa died 1190; Thomas Hearne died 1735.
The slow white oak woods have come near to full leafage.

11 George Wither born 1588; Roger Bacon died 1294; Duc de Vendôme died 1712.
Warm.
Weakness picks the loser out of sympathy and kinship.

12 Charles Kingsley born 1819; Dr. Thomas Arnold died 1842.
Plant fall potatoes.
If all the agony of the world could have voice this planet would resound with a constant scream.

RED WINGS in the marshes, columbine on the banks; red heads in the orchard and honeysuckle against the wall; goldfinch nesting in the juniper, wild geranium in the woods; tanagers in the white oaks and May-apple blossoms waxy white in the hollows.

The oven bird sings in the morning and garden truck is green and springing. Esthetics rule; fleshpots are promised. The eye rejoices in the thick green of the woods; the appetite takes coarsely to young green onions and considers robustly the condition of new peas.

Esau, whose belly is his god, is jovial with anticipation and sees where golden bantam has pushed green spears above the soil and Sappho sings with the wood thrush as the evening brings Venus at the end of the afterglow.

In hut happiness there is content, in what is here and what will come. The processes are good and promising. Spring has turned voluptuary, discreetly, but not with shame. June brings the greatest freshness with the greatest richness. Where May left gaps, June has filled them in. What May brought of virginal delicacy, June has not coarsened.

The wild rose is in bud and the orchard hums with bees in the blossoms. Day and night make the two parts of contentment, and in hut happiness it is sufficient to be perceptive.

13 Agricola born 40; Madame D'Arblay born 1752.
Stake the tomatoes.
The garden shows promise of substantial reality.

14 Sir Harry Vane beheaded 1662; General Kleber assassinated 1800.
Cut the Swiss chard and come again. Red raspberries.
Begin pruning trees.

15 Wat Tyler slain in Smithfield, 1381; Freteau de St. Just guillotined 1794.
Cool. MAGNA CARTA 1215
I sit as a patient cat at the rat hole of my character for twenty-three hours. At the twenty-fourth a rat escapes. That escape and not my watchfulness is the measure of my character.

16 Edward I of England born 1239; Jean Baptiste Gresset died 1777.
The wood thrush and the whippoorwill; the wild geranium and the wild rose.
A good policy for the future is better than a good explanation of the past.

17 John Wesley born 1703; John Sobieski died 1696; Joseph Addison died 1719.
Learn to keep bees.
Praise is made safe by death.

18 Caliph Othman assassinated at Medina 655; the battle of Waterloo 1815.
Mars nearest the earth.
You may not safely characterize a man until he is dead, especially a man in public affairs in which there is the greatest opportunity for modification of character. It is safe to describe a man's faults. They are essential and enduring attributes. They are realities and are not transient. They would not be perceived if they could be controlled or hidden. It is not safe to describe a man's virtues or to attribute virtue to him. Virtue is not a reality but a seeming. It is modified by condition and circumstance. It is never known what a man's virtues will be until all the possible conditions in which he can be tried have been exhausted. That is only at death.

HONEYSUCKLE waves its blossoms in the light wind and the wild rose is opening its buds. Oak woods weave thicker robes and a denser green fills what had remained of winter vistas. Viburnum and wild currants are in flower and the blossoming thorn still is a waving censer in the air, weaving its odors into the sunlight and charging the night with its perfumes.

Life must sing as June progresses from deeper green to deeper green, from timid colors to bold ones, from delicacy to robustness.

The moment hesitates between the chill northeast wind and the hot one from the west. Uncertainty is part of its charm. It wrecks all hopes by a dash of cold rain and brings them back by a smile of sunshine. Warm rains fall and the forces of the earth take new strength and fill earth and air with beauty.

The log fire still has its use, the outdoors their occasional opportunity. Beauty must not be obvious and need not be consistent. It may fail to conform to regularity and yet not suffer a charge of fickleness.

Expectancy is part of the rational prospect and it is satisfied by surprises, by delays and gratifications. Consistency might mean monotony.

19 Blaise Pascal born 1623; St. Romuald died 1027.
With a garden in bloom water the surface of the ground and not the blooms.

20 Anna Letitia Aiken born 1743; Charles Coffin died 1749.
Beans in blossom.
There are none but ugly facts. All good facts are illusions. They are facts modified for human endurance. Life transforms fact to fancy for its protection.

21 Thales died 546 B. C.; John Skelton died 1529.
The sun enters Cancer.
Summer. The world astir.

22 Jacques Delille born 1738; Nicolas Machiavel died 1527; Bishop John Fisher beheaded 1535.
Green peas from the garden.
A warm, heavy night of perfumes.

23 Louis I of France, Le Debonnaire, died 840; Mark Akenside died 1770.
She comes in fragrance as the Dawn.
At evening she is the sunset and the red light through the trees.
She is sweet and the wood thrush is her voice,
For there is sadness in her sweetness.
She is a single poppy new blown in the dew.

24 Vespasian died 79.
Hot.
Zinnias in bloom. June bugs buzzing against the screens.
The realities for human beings are their stomachs and their sex.

25 John Marston died 1634; William Smellie died 1795.
Thunderstorms.
Nicotiana in bloom.

SUMMER comes with the wild rose and elder blossoms, with the blossoms of the viburnum and the odor of clover, with fox grass to wave in a field of shimmering haze, with the blossoms of the wild grape, with robust benevolence, heat and bold charm.

Beauty approaches with intimation and suggestion, with flashes of revelation, touching the attention and not seizing it, until the flush of self-revealing, when the wild rose, red in its bud, opens its petals for the thicket and wayside.

Summer is a full-blown fact, with ample bounty and lush beauties. The wild rose is a symbol of changeful spring when ephemerality rules and when what is tangible for the senses is less than what is intangible except to the fancy.

The wild rose is at the door of the imagination. It blooms for that part of man which lives beyond his perceptions. Its bud is as red as his hopes; its petals fall as his desires. It graces the shadows of life and is fragrant in them. It is too delicate for a full reality. It is a part of the land to which man goes incorporeally through the secret windows of the west.

26 Emperor Julian slain near Samara on the Tigris 363; Samuel Crompton died 1827.
Cooler.
Rambler roses in bloom.
The first requisite of heaven is ignorance of human affairs.

27 Louis XII of France, the Just, born 1462; Charles XII of Sweden born 1682.
Whoever has a garden has three things which are needed; exercise for his muscles, food for his eating, and a spirituality for his soul.

28 Henry VIII of England born 1491; Rubens born 1577.
The sweat of the brow means easy digestion of the bread.

29 Henry Clay died 1852; Elizabeth Barrett Browning died 1861.
Mercury stationary.
Just exactly what we want is frequently a little less. We are better satisfied by being not quite. The thing that goes wrong gives the value to the things which go right.

30 Archibald Campbell, Earl of Argyle, beheaded 1685.
Conjunction of Venus and Neptune.
Christ had Gethsemane for a night; Buddha for a lifetime.

WE test our processes by the disagreeable rather than by the agreeable. If they are constructed to endure they go serenely through gray days and days of rain. They do not demand always the wild rose waving in the south wind, caressed by clear sunlight. They will accept the drip from the eaves, the slate colored roof above, and the dash of wet inclemency which imprisons.

If we have no heart for inclemency we have no heart for life. Contrast is the soul and spirituality of life. Without it life would be a barren monotony, possibly beautiful but with a beauty undiscovered and unappreciated.

Pain is the prerequisite of happiness, its essential background, its necessary contrast, its needed emphasis. Such as cannot suffer will not know ecstasy. Cold days, gray and wet, make the brightness of a lilac scented afternoon when in a cloudless sky a benignant sun, not as yet furnace-like but still kindly, makes the world vibrant and radiant after rain. The warm odors from the rich soil arise as odors from innumerable censers to greet the perfect condition of man, and the wood thrush, released from discomfort, sings to the perfection of life which is esthetic sensation after pain, spiritual rest after discomfort.

Life sings most gladly after rain.

JULY

1 Jean Baptiste, Comte de Rochambeau, born 1725; the Admirable Crichton assassinated at Mantua 1582; Isaac Casaubon died 1614.
Watch for the bean weevil.

2 Michel Nostradamus died 1566; Jean Jacques Rousseau died 1778.
Earth in aphelion.
By the brevity of life the importance of days is increased. Each day is a new writing. Each night erases part of what was written and the part remaining is dimmed. It becomes experience upon which hope writes again. What remains out of the day's writing, good or painful, is a part of the life which each day helps to construct. Across such enduring writing, hope, springing up fresh with each new dawn, writes its newer promises. Later, as the thrush sings to the sunset, experience writes its latest conclusions.

3 Louis XI of France born 1423; Henry Grattan born 1750.
Prune the old fruit canes.

THE year comes to its fullness with all its colors rich. Later the dust and the dropping leaf. The song goes, the perfumes go, the freshness and vigor go, and experience, heavy with memories, has a full record.

Hawkweed is bright in the thickets and the wild rose still red in the shade, the thrush still sings to the twilight. The meridian of the year is crossed. Expectancy gives way to contemplation. Things as they shall be become things as they were.

Life is forever thinking ahead and looking backwards. Its experience is its substance, its hopes are its shadows. It is measured by its memories, esteemed for its prospects. Its body is what it has been, its soul is what it hopes to be.

The helianthus will spread out its yellow petals to the hot July sun, the tanager will be silent in the white oaks, and then, if the drowsiness of acceptance subdue the fever of expectancy, only the sands of content will run in the hourglass and the pack of life will be carried without dismay. From yellow leaf to yellow leaf is the circle.

4 **Independence Day**
John Adams died 1825; Thomas Jefferson died 1825.
Very warm.
When folk would be undisturbed under the spell of their perceptions, with the wild rose at the edge of the thicket and with the thrush in the wild grapes, with the evening sun still near its solstice and with the glow in the late evening, the mosquito sails out from the brush to say that perfection is unattainable, that beauty must have its poignancy and that satisfaction must have its irritant—a reminder that man is born to strife and not to contentment.

5 Mrs. Sarah Siddons born 1755; Queen Magdalen of Scotland died 1537.
The future lies—in the future—and lies.

6 Sir Thomas More beheaded 1535; Granville Sharpe died 1813.
Critical time for cabbages. Watch for worms.
The soul and the soil are congenial.

7 Edward I of England died 1307; John Huss burned at Constance 1415.
Warm.
Some men may sit on the top of the world.

8 John de la Fontaine born 1621; Peter the Hermit died 1108.
Warmer.
Fireflies have lighted their lanterns.

9 General Braddock killed at Duquesne 1755; Zachary Taylor died 1850.
The earthworm is the friend of the garden.
He had a truck garden mind. It was a small tract and he worked it on his knees.

10 John Calvin born 1509; Emperor Adrian died 138.
South winds and very warm.
The yellow billed cuckoo calling.
It is a great misfortune to find even a rent in the veil of illusion.

WHITE elder blossoms top the darkening green of the thickets where crimson points of light are the candles of the bedding sun. The chewink in the white oak says good-night happily and cheerily, as if the prospect of to-morrow were greater in possible good than the experience of to-day.

Hidden in the thickest green the wood thrush calls back to the chewink. The candle points sparkling through the windows of the woods light the close of something going beyond redemption or recall.

As the candle points fade something, of which the wood thrush is the voice, has gone beyond return. The sands that have run are lost. The wood thrush is threnetic. The possible total of good has been nibbled at. Expectancy is limited. Life approaches the closed gate, which opens to give entrance but closes to forbid return.

The chewink, to folk who sit watching the candles through the aisles and windows of the woods, sings that the east, in the short turn of the wheel, will be radiant with prospect even as the west is serene with experience. The wood thrush is the widow of the day and her weeds are fresh as every twilight lights its candles.

11 Robert I of Scotland born 1274; Emperor Anthemius murdered at Rome 472; Jack Cade killed 1450; Alexander Hamilton killed in a duel 1804.

Hot.

A fat hen for the pot; a lean one for the nest.

12 Caius Julius Caesar born 100 B.C.; Desiderius Erasmus died 1536; Titus Oates died 1704.

A melancholy so profound that seemed to start at the source of life and reach to the outposts of eternity.

13 Du Guesclin, Constable of France, died 1380.

Plenty of shade for the hens may mean more summer eggs.

Chewinks still singing.

In July, every evening, one would say, as if it were new, "The thrush sang to-night."

14 Cardinal Mazarin born 1602; Jean Paul Marat assassinated 1793.

An east wind and cooler.

Many young thrush and brown thrashers in the woods.

15 **St. Swithin's**

Anne of Cleves died 1567; Thomas Dermody died 1802.

"St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain.
St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair."

A screech owl in the woods in the evening.

16 Anne Askew martyred at Smithfield 1546; Masaniello murdered at Naples 1647; Margaret Fuller Ossoli died at sea 1850.

Mars stationary.

The wood thrush in the west of the woods still sings to the wood thrush in the east at sundown.

Brown-eyed Susans.

THE west porch on a warm but benignant July morning, warm but not hot, with promise of increasing warmth but not threat of sultriness; the odor of roses coming around the corner on a barely perceptible breeze; the odor of sweet clover coming from the roadway; snapdragons like legionaires of a yellow host standing in the sun; wild rose petals falling, the oven bird singing; the hum of bees in the sweet peas.

Golden bantam five feet high, fox grass waving where the breeze touches a bit of meadow; fox grass nodding over the red and white clover; the warmth caressing, the outdoors gently buzzing, almost purring; no incentive to action, no discontent with inaction.

Cattle in a distant field; a lazy dog, a lazier cat; a running stream not seen but heard, as the water drops over a rock and into a pool. A day, as occasionally a July day may be, for lotus eaters, for the moment and not for the future; sufficient in itself regardless of prospect and indifferent to experience.

In the distance an active hen, responsible for the continuance of hens and the production of the breakfast egg, cackles in the worthy triumph of a duty done. A restful landscape has grazing cows and cackling hens. There must be a promise to Esau.

Life is benignant in sensation, warm, odorous and serene, pleasant to feel, smell and behold, sufficient to be perceived, unquestioned and not inquiring, its own answer and that complete.

17 Jacob van Artevelde of Ghent slain 1345; Charlotte Corday guillotined 1793.
Very hot.
Morality is the self willed subscription of the individual to conduct of which his conscience approves and to which his intellect gives support. A statute is a mandate put upon him to do or to refrain from doing regardless of his instinct, his conscience or his intellect. It denies him instinct. It denies him morality. It denies that he is an unerring animal; it denies that he is a trustworthy human.

18 Ursinus born 1534; Petrarch died 1374.
Plant early Iowa for late sweet corn.
The sweetest chemistry of nature is when the garden produces sugar in green peas, cooked within a quarter hour of their being picked.

19 Conrad Vorstius born 1569; Iturbide shot at Padillo 1824.
Perfume of the nicotiana and call of the tanager and chewink.
Sweet corn from the garden.

20 Eusebius Renaudot born 1646; Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, died 1452.
Bergamot in bloom.

21 Matthew Prior born 1664; Darius III, King of Persia, murdered 330 B.C.
Hot.
Dog bane in blossom.

22 Sir Henry Percy, Hotspur, killed at Shrewsbury 1403; Henry III, King of France, assassinated at Paris 1589.
Wild grapes in full green clusters and little apples on the wild crabs—intimations of fine jellies.

23 St. Bridget of Sweden died 1373.
Wild sunflower and goldenrod. Moths against the screens.
A happy woman humming as she works is the proudest achievement of man.

SNAPDRAGONS are yellow along the open ways. Fields, covered with clover, stretch off to the west in the glory of the close of day, with waving fox grass, plumed and iridescent, meeting the ruddy mists which soften the radiance of day fittingly to its end.

Out of the white heat into the purple depths bright colored at their edge, with the shimmer of land and the shimmer of sky spreading a cover of illusion over realities known but denied, seen but not perceived.

Not to perceive is the gift which softens the prospect for man who in his present, in his intimacies, in his necessities, sees more than suits his happiness, but who for his prospects finds radiance only softening and in its mellowing gaining glory, who looks for his greatest good in the west and seeks the deep purple with an illusioned soul.

If the song in his life grows fainter, as the song of the wood thrush dies away, the colors of his day grow deeper as his day comes to its end. The helianthus brightly meets the white light of day and the fox grass softens the western way to night.

24 Caliph Abubeker died 634; Jane Austen died 1817.
Day of the vegetarian.
Song of the thrush diminishing.

25 Thomas à Kempis died 1471; Baron Friederich von der Trenck guillotined 1794.
Hollyhocks in most luxuriant bloom.
An axiom is a statement of life so truthful that everyone repeats it and no one believes it.

26 King Roderick of Spain killed 711; Jacopo Bonfadio executed at Genoa 1560.
Swallows high in the sky in the evening.
Cultivate the garden.

27 Henri, Maréchal de Turenne killed 1675; Samuel Gottlieb Gmelin died 1774.
A profusion of climbing roses.

28 Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, beheaded on Tower Hill 1540; Robespierre guillotined 1794.
Hot west winds.
Green peas and beans from the garden. The odor of nicotiana.

29 Andrew Marvel died 1678; William Wilberforce died 1833.
If your hopes fail in the skies try them on the ground.

30 William Penn died 1718; John Sebastian Bach died 1750.
The past is only manure.

31 Ignatius Loyola died 1556; Martin Harpertzoon van Tromp, Dutch admiral, killed in battle 1653.
Warm.
A turnip is as good as a star.

WHERE the sun finds the open wayside, button rockets blossom, but the wild rose is pale. Where there are open fields the fox grass bends iridescent colors in a shimmer to the wind, but the wild fern seeks the white moss of the tamarack swamp.

The factish robin to the close clipped grass, but the thrush to the covert of wild grapes; the yellow-hammer to the opened grove, but the tanager to the wych-hazel thicket and white oak. The wild rose is red where the shadows are heavy, the fern is bold where the white moss is wet, and the song of the thrush comes from cover which the sun touches but does not penetrate.

The obvious to the open, the exquisite to the arcanum. The greater beauty will intimate but not reveal. Pan sits in the open, but the dryad shows as a glint in the thicket. Fancy sees beyond the violet; fact sits in the red.

The greater good lies beyond the eyes, to be reached for but not touched, impalpable, unattainable, never despaired of, never found, always in the prospect, never in the experience, something certain for the future, something unknown to the past.

AUGUST

1 Trajan, Roman emperor, died 117; Stephen Marcel slain at Paris 1358; Cosmo de Medici died 1464.

Birds silent, moulting.

2 William II, Rufus, of England, killed in the New Forest, Hampshire 1100; Thomas Gainsborough died 1788.

Beans, beets and corn from the garden; raspberries from the berry patch.

Icarus should have fallen, unhurt, into a truck garden, and have remained there.

THE cicada is back in the white oak and the woods become a temple of repose. The song of the thrush was that of melancholy, of ardor and ecstasy, of hope at sunset, of prospects at dawn. When nights were purple curtains drawn upon days which would have more happiness in prospect than they had in experience, the thrush sang for melancholy of that hope which is insistent but suspects that it is futile.

August hushes all the vibrant song which is intimation of a glorious futility purpling a rubicund hope. Futility is the measure of life; a denial of this its essence. The cicada sounds acceptance, a small voice of portentous insistence, filling the warm August night with its assertion that the green leaf goes to the brown, the flower to seed, the arc to its closed circle.

The cicada's voice is the plaintive note of subscription, the note of acquiescence. Life accepts its measure. Accomplishment has no ecstasy but is serene. Experience is a full volume.

3 James II of Scotland killed before Roxburgh 1460; Jeremy Taylor died 1667; Eugene Sue died 1857.

Wild roses gone; wood thrush gone.

And yet, if Icarus did not make the trial Wilbur and Orville Wright could not fly.

4 Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, killed in battle at Evesham 1265; Wenceslaus V, King of Bohemia, stabbed at Olmutz 1306; Jacques d'Armagnac, Duc de Nemours, beheaded by Louis XI 1477.

Cut the strawberry runners.

Song of the harvest fly and katydid.

5 Xerxes I, King of Persia, murdered by Artabanus 465 B.C.; Louis III of France died 882.

Warmer.

Helianthus.

The devil is plausible.

6 Anne Shakespeare died 1623; Ben Jonson died 1637; Diego Rodriguez de Silva y Valasquez died 1660.

Golden bantam in the garden.

The wild sunflower is the brightest bloom of the wayside.

7 Leonidas slain at Thermopylae 480 B.C.; Herod Agrippa died 44 A.D.

Dahlias in bloom.

The terrible moment of the universe was when the first protoplasm revealed its flicker of organic life. Then should a moan have reached to the edge of darkness and all the worlds have paled before the certain prospect of the unpurposive agony later to be known as man.

8 Louis Francois Armand du Plessis, Duke of Richelieu, died 1788; George Canning died 1827.

Bright, warm weather.

The man who walks on stilts falls farther into the hole.

9 Izaak Walton born 1593; John Dryden born 1631.

In transplanting trees remember that they do not like cold feet.

New Lima beans are better than the fatted calf.

OUT of the dark and scented depths of an August night, out of the moist and odorous cathedral which the woods make in the silence, comes, with graceful diaphanous wings of green, a luna moth, with magic of beauty and certainty of purpose.

The light shines within the screens, a fascinating harbor for beautiful ambition, but is within the screen, and at that frail barrier the still frailer hope flattens itself and does not even beat its wings.

With the heavy scented darkness behind it and the unattainable before it, the luna moth with its widespread wings—delicately beautiful, iridescent, motionless and powerless—is life.

Hope comes out of the dark, the cool and scented dark, and finding its barriers, does not even beat its ineffectual wings.

The unattainable always lies beyond. Life emerges from darkness and strives, accepts fate and rests, with eyes fixed on a star.

In the far depths of the green leaved cathedral an owl and a whippoorwill are alternate in lament and the elder blossoms swing their censers in the night.

10 Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I, died 1669; John and Cornelius de Witt murdered by a mob at The Hague 1672.
A fine drenching rain.
Save some seed corn.

11 Jean Victor Moreau born 1763.
Plant the garden for fall vegetables.

12 John George Gmelin, naturalist, born 1709; Robert Southey born 1774.
Life justifies the Puritan.

13 Tiberius II, Roman emperor, died 582; Henri Louis du Hamel died 1782.
Hoe the weeds.

14 Dr. Meric Casaubon born 1599.
August hums as a contented woman holding a child. Bees are in her blossoms and she holds the cricket and the cicada in her hands at night.

15 Napoleon Bonaparte born 1769; Joe Miller died 1738.
Conjunction of Venus and Saturn. Pleasant weather.
Small acorns dropping from the black oak.

16 Matthew Tindal died 1733; Gen. Joubert killed at Novi 1799.
Woodpeckers and yellowhammers skirling; nearly all bird song silenced—but there always is a song.

17 Edward V and his brother Richard, Duke of York, smothered in the Tower 1483; Frederick the Great of Prussia died 1786.
Phlox in its richest bloom.

18 Sir Richard Empson and Edmund Dudley executed on Tower Hill 1510.
White moths waver in the sun.

19 Octavius Caesar Augustus died 14 A. D.; Honoré de Balzac died 1850.
Chickadees back in the brush.

LATE August comes and with it St. Bartholomew, forerunner, as the katydid, of frost and chill conditions. With St. Bartholomew comes the cold dew. The woods stand green and the fields never more flowering, luxuriant as they have not been during the supposedly luxuriant months of the year.

The present pleases but the prospect chills. There comes an east wind and folk are driven indoor and to logs for the fire, which presently blazes to give a comfortable hint of early Autumn.

In this last of summer there is an intimation of the coming season which will require the steady fire of logs of an evening, which will permit the early lighting of the reading lamp and which will allow folk to withdraw from the outdoors into the four walls of hut happiness outside of which they have lived during the free days. The early wood smoke of a cool August evening suggests the coming closed and intimate season when life must have within itself the elements of its own sustenance and comfort; when hut happiness asks that there be inclosed within the hut the components of contentment.

Corn is ripening and the suggestion of chill is only a suggestion. Nevertheless a fire is built under logs for comfort in the evening and it is St. Bartholomew's.

20 Robert Herrick born 1591; George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, born 1592.
Cold.

21 James Crichton (The Admirable) born 1561; John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, beheaded in the Tower, 1533.
I sit at the west window and watch the majestic procession of the months.

22 Richard III of England killed at Bosworth Field 1485; Warren Hastings died 1818.
Black crickets singing.
Sex is the plot of youth and the episode of maturity.

23 Flavius Stilicho, Roman general, beheaded 408; Sir William Wallace executed 1305; George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, assassinated 1628.
Warmer.
Wild asters.

24 **St. Bartholomew**
Letizia Bonaparte, mother of Napoleon, born 1750; Admiral Gaspard de Coligni murdered at Paris 1572. St. Bartholomew massacre 1572.
Wild grapes picked for jelly.

25 Gratianus, Roman emperor, assassinated 383; David Hume died 1776; William Herschel died 1822.
Warmer weather.
Life is best justified by graceful white hairs.

26 Lopez Felix de la Vega died 1635; the battle of Crecy 1346.
Conjunction of Venus and Jupiter.
Any lovers may be brown haired; only wonderful ones may be white haired.

27 Annius Severinus Boethius beheaded by Theodoric, 526.
Button rockets fading.

YESTERDAY the hepatica were white upon slopes where but a while before the snow was white and the hepatica were promise of violets and bluebirds. Yesterday violets were thick among the yellow leaves and yesterday trilliums were flecks of white throughout the woods and the promise was the shad bush blossom and the perfume of the blossoming thorn. Yesterday the thorn was in bloom and the wood thrush sang and the promise was the wild rose.

Yesterday the wild rose opened its red bud and dropped its petals in the perfumes of a June day. Every promise of the future hurries into the past, the traveler with quickening pace and growing pack, traveling the speedier as the burden grows, reaching to seize the present before it can become the past.

Yesterday is heavy with the promises of to-morrow. The pack of life grows larger with every fair assurance with which the future lured the expectation and experience, greedier with age, fleeter of foot as it takes more steps, so crowds upon sensation that beauty is a memory before it has been sensed. The helianthus is a yellow crown in the thickets. The song of the wood thrush is gone.

28 Count Axel Oxenstiern died 1654; Leigh Hunt died 1859.
Man conquers by illusions. He defies infinity with his soul, sex with love, battle horrors with glory, his appetite for meat with linen, plate, flowers and converse and his insignificance with the idea that the past was intended to produce him and the future is intended to revere him.

29 John Locke born 1632; Edmund Hoyle died 1769.
Cold.
Sumac scarlet.

30 Cleopatra committed suicide 30 B. C.; Theodoric the Great, King of the Goths, died 526 at Ravenna.
Snapdragons.

31 Henry V of England died 1422; John Bunyan died 1688.
Bluejays gregarious; too cold for the cicadas.

THE white throat is singing from thickets of viburnum and hazel by which golden rod is massed; yellow leaves are falling from the shag bark hickory and crimson speckled leaves from the maple; the tanager has changed his song and is changing his coat.

The song of the white throat is a note from the far north, an intimation of untouched woods, of unstepped reaches, of balsam fir, of tamarack swamp, of white pine and hemlock. It is of pliant cheerfulness, vibrant, arresting, suggesting, reaching unused strings in the emotions, creating a much loved vision for the recollection of fancy.

As the white throat sings a lone mallard of the fancy arises from the wild rice and wings into the purple west, symbol, to the loneliness of the human soul, of the real unimportance of the egotistic agony of individuality—a midge against the universe, a purposeful thing with no purposeful end, an illusion against the background of the unfathomable.

Yellow leaves are falling and illusion fades with the fancy of the lone mallard going across the waters of the lake by a golden path which narrows but has no end.

SEPTEMBER

1 Louis XIV of France died 1715; Sir Richard Steele died 1729.
Warmer.
Again the cicada chorus.

2 Marie Therese, Princesse de Lamballe, murdered at Paris 1792; General Jean Victor Moreau mortally wounded at the battle of Dresden, 1813.
Asters in rich bloom.
He cut a reed at the water's edge and found he could play one note.

3 Dick Tarleton, comedian, died 1588; Oliver Cromwell died 1658.
A song from the yellow field where hay was cut.

4 François Réné, Vicomte de Chateaubriand, born 1768; Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, died 1588.
Warm.
The wish of the guest is the law of the host.

ON the logging road where the last of the wild raspberries are ripening and dropping, in the shade of balsam firs, maples are blazing scarlet against the green.

Blueberries are at the edge of the tamarack swamp and, at the fringe of the close knit pines, wild cherries are still red, but the hoar frost has laid its white magic on the ground.

Aspens and poplars quiver in the soft south wind, but a spit of snow comes with a veer of the wind to the north. Cranberries are reddening in the marsh. Partridge run across the trails and into the brown needle carpeted coverts where white pines catch every whisper of the wind and sound all its complaints and threats.

Two seasons are touching hands, one in farewell, the other with greeting. Experience is full; prospect invites. There are pleasant remembrances of the expansive time when the walls of life reached the horizon and pleasant promises of the intensive time when the walls are intimately within hand's reach.

Early candlelight and a pitch stump fire, but the fragrance of a still productive land arises from under-foot and the fragrance of the pines is blown from the dark and scented woods.

Life is ending and life is beginning. The night hawk sweeps across the lake, but blackbirds are gathering in tops of tall dead trees. The kingfisher sits on a burned stump at the edge of the thoroughfare, but the migrating warblers are in the thickets.

The brown season touches the green, but contentment rests on memory and trusts to promise.

5 Cardinal Richelieu born 1585; Catherine Parr died 1548.
He sedulously cultivated the unimportant to preserve his own importance.

6 Jean Baptiste Colbert died 1683.
Cool.
The modern novel is a cross-section of a tooth pick.

7 Queen Elizabeth of England born 1533; Dr. Samuel Johnson born 1709.
Cooler—the wood weds the fire.
Man is a bold animal. He is alive.

8 Lodorico Ariosto born 1474; Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, murdered at Calais 1397; Amy Robsart died 1560.

THE TREMENDOUS INSIGNIFICANCE.

I am the beginning of time and the end of it;
Space is what I need of it;
I began the world and shall end it;
It would not have existed if I had not existed;
It will end when I end.
There is nothing but what I perceive, experience and know.
When I cease to perceive, experience and know
There will be nothing.

9 James IV of Scotland killed at Flodden 1513; Charles de St. Evremond died 1703.
The onion harvest is ready when the tops are down.

10 Mungo Park, African traveler, born 1771; William the Conqueror died 1087; Mary Wollstoncraft died 1797.
Allow some of the finest plants in the garden to ripen for seed.

11 Henri, Vicomte de Turenne, born 1611; Treasurer Cressingham slain at the battle of Stirling 1297.
The wind rides overhead and its feathers touch the eaves.

12 Francis I of France born 1494; Cinq-Mars and De Thou executed at Lyon 1642.
In north woods beech is turning misty yellow, maple saplings flaming, partridge under the wild cherry trees and bear breaking down the cherry limbs.

A GOLDFINCH in the sunflower seeds and the late golden rod spread over the fields; green acorns drop from the white oaks and color creeps into the thicket.

The panicles of the sumac are red and there is crimson in the maples. The katydid sings of frost, of change, of a new turn of the wheel, from green to brown, from summer closed horizons to winter opened reaches, from close horizons and wide activities to close activities and wide horizons.

The green acorn dropping prematurely on the hard clay from the white oak, the yellow leaf dropping from the shag bark hickory, the grasses browning in the fields are early signs of a time to come which will bring decay to the vibrant fields, brown to the green, fruit where there were blossoms. The wych-hazel will blossom and the first scurry of snow will come.

The warblers are back from the north; the day is shortening; life accepts its restrictions. But happiness recognizes its four walls and with a fire of logs is content.

13 Titus, Roman emperor, died 81 A. D.; Michael de Montaigne died 1592; General James Wolfe killed at the capture of Quebec 1759.

Blueberries which were a part of July are, by Providence, a part of September.

14 Dante died 1321; James Fenimore Cooper died 1851; Arthur, Duke of Wellington, died 1852.

Cultivate the strawberry plants set out last month.

Cranberries at the edge of the marsh.

15 Sir Thomas Overbury poisoned in the Tower 1613.

Venus in aphelion.

September is the January of the garden. It contains the new year. Prepare the soil.

16 Charles V, the Wise, King of France, died 1380; James II, ex-King of England, died 1701; Louis XVIII, King of France, died 1824.

A white frost is premonition of the day when the pump will freeze.

17 Jean Antoine, Marquis de Condorcet, mathematician, born 1743; Philip IV of Spain died 1665.

The stubble is red in the evening sun on a hillside where buckwheat was cut.

18 Trajan, Roman emperor, born 56 A. D.; Domitian, Roman emperor, slain 96 A. D.

Partridge, redheaded woodpecker and the belted kingfisher.

See the red buckwheat stuffle and think ahead—January below zero, fires crackling, warmth pervading a room where there are red geraniums; well fermented buckwheat batter; cakes and well seasoned pork sausage.

19 The battle of Poitiers 1356.

A great flight of teal out of the marsh and off into the west.

Life should be partly cakes and red geraniums.

EVENING hush and evening star; the white moon, which has been riding out of the east through a white scud against the blue, turns to radiant yellow as it enters the deepening purple. Even the aspens are in languor, and only in the tallest pines is there a murmur, a sigh as gentle as that of the little bubbly wash of the silvered waters against the sand.

For a quiet world, narrowed at the edge of the lake by the deep encircling rim of tamarack and pine, the sun, touching the far green bank, builds crimson minarets above blue walls and for approach gives fancy a twinkling, rippling way of gold across the waters.

A wild duck rises from the sedges, a thing intimate to that sanctuary, but solitary in the immensity of the burnished sky against which its flight reveals it. Swift and certain as a thought which springs from out the narrowed enclosure of life and takes wing, the wild duck flies towards the south.

Deepening shadows creep in upon the narrowed world. Illusion is on the wing. The waters darken. Crimson fades and purple turns to black. The freshening wind deepens the voice of the pines which in green robed chorus serve the gentle sadness of the end of day.

As the moon throws its silver ribbon across the dark water, across the sedges from which the wild duck arose for lonely flight, an owl in the hemlock gives the darkness its meaning even as the duck gave illusion its wings.

20 Alexander the Great of Macedon born 356; Owen Glendower died 1415; Charles VI, Emperor of Germany, died 1740.
Juncoes and chickadees.
A Persian cat on a rug by a wood fire will prove that life is comfortable.

21 Edward II of England murdered at Berkeley Castle 1327; Sultan Selim I died 1520.
The equinox and the beginning of the longer night.

22 Mardonius, Persian commander, slain at Platæa 476 B. C.; Virgil died 19 B. C.
Hermit thrush again, and again silent.
You wipe the white frost from the ax handle before you split the wood for the breakfast fire.

23 Octavius Caesar Augustus, first Roman emperor, born 63 B. C.
Warmer. Sun enters Libra. Autumn begins.
Tomatoes still ripening; no killing frost as yet.

24 Pepin, King of France, died 768, Michael III, Greek emperor, assassinated 867; Samuel Butler died 1680.
Wild asters and snapdragons; asters and zinnias; golden rod and helianthus.
The discovery of a good book is the discovery of a new land.

25 Philip I of Spain died 1506; Ambrosio, Marquis of Spinola, died 1630.
The shagbark hickory dropping its leaves, viburnum turning to wine.
A library is the greatest theater known to folk.

26 Pope Clement VII (Giulio de Medici) died 1534.
Work wood ashes into the soil about the peonies.
Books are adventures.

27 Louis XIII of France born 1601; St. Vincent de Paul died 1660.
Illusion must begin with knowledge of what is to be eluded. No safe illusion denies the truth which is its contrarity. Truth is avoidable only when intelligently avoided.

ON a clear day when the south wind is gentle with the oak leaves and morning is fragrant with memories the scarlet tanager sings his last song. The dropping acorns hit the hard ground and dry leaves fall from the shagbark hickory.

On a gray day when the north wind brings mists and the morning has no memories, has only prospects, when anticipation strips the woods and makes the ground white, the chickadee sings his first autumn song.

The east window opens upon radiance and the year is still young. The west window gives view of a red sun setting in mists which fill the valley, and the year is old. With crimson sumac and yellow poplar, scarlet maple and golden rod the year puts out the gay colors of its decay, inviting the jocund belief in the joviality of all processes which bud, flower, give their fruit, and decay.

Postmeridian days—early dusk and evening chill, with prospect narrowed but with illusion strong. The year has raised the catch of the gate which opens to the bleak, windswept road, has swung back the gate and passed along. Colors flare and fade, but postmeridian life is richer than youth. If the narrow way is ahead, the broad way lies behind and experience, in the kind process of decay, does not strip the future of its illusions. It gives depth, color, and substance to the present and does not rob the prospect.

28 Emperor Lothaire I died 855; Henry VI, Emperor of Germany, died 1197.

The happiest ages are ten and fifty. At one you ought to know nothing and believe everything and at the other, know everything and believe nothing and, in the completeness of accomplishment be serene.

29 Robert, Lord Clive, born 1725; Pompey the Great killed in Egypt 48 B. C.; Gustavus Vasa, King of Sweden, died 1560.

Northern lights.

30 Euripides born 480 B. C.; Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, murdered 1628.

Fomalhaut in the southern sky.

THE shagbark hickory is bare to the wind and its yellow leaves are on the ground. The flame of the maple is a delusion, sad against the slate sky of a wet gray day when every memory of summer walks slowly down the darkening road and fades with the shortened day.

The wood thrush which gave song to the sundown has gone with the memories of his song. The tanager which flashed through the oaks has gone with the poppies which gave their petals to the beauty of one day. Nothing endures, neither the ecstasy nor the pain which have been hand in hand with happiness and which remain a while for remembrance.

Sirius will come into the evening sky and shine upon fields of snow. The east wind is a painful cry in the pines and there is only a fading glow in the ashes of a log which burned for a hearth which was bright.

OCTOBER

1 Michael II, the Stammerer, Greek emperor, died 829; Pierre Corneille died 1684.

Pine warblers.

2 Richard III of England born 1452; Aristotle died 322 B. C.; Major John Andre hanged 1780.

Mercury stationary.

Pine cones falling from the white pines. Red squirrels and chipmunks gathering them.

3 Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, born 1566.

The closed and fringed gentian.

Next to a balsam woods the sweetest smelling place outdoors is a cranberry marsh in early October, with a rim of tamarack or pine about its edge, a deer run through it and the autumn sunlight flooding it.

THE air has turned to wine and the hours are purple lipped from cups beaded at the rim, jocund hours that dance on fallen leaves and, wearing chaplets of brown and scarlet, drop their garlands through the thinning woods and over the yellow fields.

Purple hours with smiling lips, hours holding out the beaded cup and dancing through the October sunlight into the mists of early night as Arcturus shows above the clouds at the western rim.

Jocundity feels the tingle of the white frost at the break of day, drinks the wine of the October air, tosses scarlet maple and sumac, bronzed and reddened oak leaves to the wind, flames with joyous color by day and laughs with the north wind at night.

The earth is alive and bold at the threshold of decay, approaching its brown cerements as if they were festival robes and as if the tingling hand of frost which reaches out with its cold white mantle to drape the celebrant, were opening a door to the revelry of youth and not closing it upon the dead.

Brave jocundity with purple rimmed and beaded cup, intoxicating the senses although through the stripped woods the narrow white way opens for remembrance to walk alone into the future, with the echo of a song and the perfume of a vanished flower.

4 Edwin the Great, King of Northumberland, slain at Hatfield 633.
Warmer.
Kingfishers gone.

5 Jonathan Edwards born 1703; Horace Walpole born 1717; Justin, Roman emperor, died 578.
The wind has taken the gold from the roof and given it to the floor.

6 Edward V of England born 1470; Jenny Lind born 1821.
Blossoms on the tomatoes, shagbark hickory leaves falling, sumac in a blaze.

7 Margaret, Maid of Norway, died 1290; Edgar Allan Poe died 1849.
Snapdragons still blooming.

8 Nicolo di Rienzi, Tribune of Rome, assassinated 1354; Vittorio Alfieri died 1803.
String beans still in blossom. The garden is brave.
Contentment can be in a restricted physical and a limitless mental life.

9 Cervantes born 1547; De Thou born 1553.
Dahlias, nicotiana and asters in bloom, waiting the frost.

10 Benjamin West born 1738.
The last days of a garden have great charm.
Green tomatoes and yellow tomato blossoms; green tomatoes going into pickle.

11 Ulrich Zwingli, Swiss reformer, killed at Cappel 1531.
Oak leaves falling.

12 Discovery of America 1492.
Golden warmth by day, crisp by night.
A satisfactory life for a man and a woman is that each should have manual tasks a plenty, should acquire a large part of their bodily comfort by their own work and then should have plenty for their minds to do.

CLEAR sunlight after a white frost; patches of white in the hollows, on the logs; air so clear that crows calling from far off are as if they were in nearby trees. A hawk stands bold against the sky at the top of a dead tree, black, bare, and stripped of limbs, but by its commanding height the sentinel tower of woods, thickets and swamps nearby.

A heron arises from the marsh and flies towards a sluggish pool at the edge of the hemlocks, just topping the tall flags, grasses and cat-tails of the marsh in his flight.

The last raspberries, hanging insecurely to bushes shaded in covert; cranberries with a touch of red in the swamps; maples blazing in scarlet splashes against the Norway pine on the hillsides; kingfishers in erratic flight and ecstasy of chattering; the chickadees turning south, but hesitating, to fill the poplars, quivering aspen, and the thickets of wild cherry, balsam fir, and scrub oak with the cheeriest song of the season.

Poplars turning yellow; wintergreen berries turning red; blossoms on the trailing arbutus; blackbirds flocking in black clouds for flight; the western sky in the purple and scarlet of the gods at sundown; six mallards flying into the gates of the west across the silver of an unvexed lake. Night, the northern lights shooting flashes towards the zenith; night, without wind and with certainty of frost.

The wheel is turning. Its next colors are its most glorious.

13 Claudius, Roman emperor, poisoned 54 A. D.; Joachim Murat shot 1815.
Mars in perihelion.
Acorns thick under foot.

14 Harold, last Saxon King of England, slain at Hastings 1066.
The cottonwoods are dismal.
It was a state of society to which a man might ruin a career by improperly eating his soup and make it by properly wrecking a bank.

15 Virgil born 70 B. C.; Lucretius died 55 B. C.
Cooler.
Pine warblers and the hermit-thrush.

16 Marie Antoinette guillotined at Paris 1793; Thaddeus Kosciusko died 1817.
Blackbirds flocking in the elms; the hoot of an owl at night.

17 Sir Philip Sidney died 1586, Arnheim, Holland; Ninon de Lenclos died 1705; Frederic Chopin died 1849.
Crickets gone, katydids gone but there is still the harvest fly.

18 John Ziska, Hussite commander, died 1424; Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, died 1744.
A strong wind has stripped the poplars; the oak shrub is a burning bush.

19 King John of England died 1216; Jonathan Swift died 1745.
Warmer.
We say that all the other months have one purpose which is to produce October.

20 Sir Christopher Wren born 1632; Lord William Howard, "Belted Will," died 1640.
White narcissus bulbs potted.
Venus in greatest brilliancy.
Aisles are opening into the woods.

WILD cranberries, red, gray and mottled, hang over the green moss at the edge of the cold pools in the tussocked marsh. Blackbirds fly in and out of a lone oak on a stump spotted hillside. Tamarack is yellowing and the poplars have lost half their quivering foliage.

Partridge whir or scurry through the hemlock fringe at the edge of the berry marsh. The north wind ruffles the small lake with whitecaps, but in the sheltered places, behind the screen of bronzed and scarlet scrub oak, of hard maple, balsam, spruce, and Norway pine, the sun, dominating a morning of white frost, is genial and benignant.

A hawk searches the long grass of a clearing for vesper sparrows and mice. So long as the sweep of the powerful wings keeps terror billowing and circling in the vicinity the hush of protective silence holds even the jay. The hawk goes on to better hunting and the woods come to life again.

The midday sun is warm. Mid-afternoon comes with a hint of evening chill. The red sun is in a mist. Red patches on the hills, red patches in the hemlock and pine, answer back the west with colors of its own. Logs are to be cut and wood split.

Sundown is a glorified promise of a clear night and white sunrise. A great owl sends his portentous hoot across the lake from a dead tree at the water's edge. A day of St. Luke's summer ends with portent that another will take its place and be, as it has been, benignant.

21 Edmund Waller died 1687; Tobias Smollett died 1771; Horatio, Lord Nelson, killed in Trafalgar Bay 1805.

A person gathering walnuts or hickory nuts is the nearest to pure happiness he will ever be.

22 Charles Martel died 741; Athelstan, King of England, died 940.

An oak grove with the ground covered with fat acorns implies the richness of mast fed pork.

23 Annius Manlius Severinus Boethius, Latin philosopher, beheaded by Theodoric 524; Anne Oldfield died 1730.

In gathering nuts you have, first, the halcyon days when wave and wind consider the brooding bird; you have a golden texture of moments; you have activity which the tonic of the air inspires and you return to simian ancestry and feel the primitive urge to get your living out of a nut bearing tree.

24 Hugh Capet, King of France, died 997; Tycho Brahe, astonomer, died 1601; Daniel Webster died 1852.

It is seldom the future but often the past which dismays. The past is never sufficient, the future may be and never is, except as the future.

25 Demosthenes died 322, Geoffrey Chaucer died 1400; William Hogarth died 1764. The battle of Agincourt 1415.

If one could wish a binding wish it would be that each year might have two Octobers.

26 George James Danton born 1759; Abulfeda, Mohammedan historian, died 1331.

Now are both indoors and outdoors perfect for their purposes.

27 Marcus Junius Brutus died at Philippi 42 B. C.; Michael Servetus burned for heresy at Geneva 1553.

Frost.

However he came to be it man is a moral animal.

28 Desiderius Erasmus born 1467; Maxentius, Roman emperor, drowned in the Tiber 312; Alfred the Great, King of England, died 900.

Cooler.

A STUMP of Norway pine, old and fat with pitch, burns in the fireplace on which, on its bulging top, a clock ticks in record of the unwinding of time—an ironic clock, tapping the measures of the running hours, not in warning or complaint, not in admonition, not as a responsible guardian, despairing commentator, or tyrant of the days.

The pine which putters in the fire was as the pines which stop the wind outside. The genial tragicaster on the bulging ledge slowly turns its circling wands as if they commanded and were not merely scribes, and commanding, brought time to a stop.

A pleasant, laughing cheat, this clock, which, although it loudly notes the movement of change, denies its significance. Days ripple in as the waves on the lake and break along the sands, to no purpose and with no result.

Yellow leaves are rich in the poplars, the wild cherry is red, the tamarack is yellowing and will drop its needles, the last blue iris is fallen into the dark pool beside which it bloomed.

Wintergreen has both its berries and its flowers, growing at the edge of the marsh where the green tipped white moss is knee deep, with the bronzed bracken in the open and with the wood fern in the dark coverts.

The south wind gives way to the north and there is blustering in place of murmuring. Gray days increase, but the jovial clock, heedless of its own chronicles, says no hour has consequence and time, in passing, no meaning.

29 Edmund Halley, astronomer, born 1656; John Keats born 1796; Sir Walter Raleigh beheaded in Old Palace Yard 1618.

The Shakers were the indomitable and invincible logicians of Puritanism. They answered the error of the universe, as a state of nature and not of grace, and would have stopped it in its tracks.

30 Antinous, favorite of the Emperor Hadrian, drowned in the Nile 130 A. D.

October is the twilight of the year.

31 **Halloween**

John Evelyn born 1620; John Bradshaw, presiding judge at the trial of Charles I, died 1659; Jacques Pierre Brissot, Girondist, guillotined 1793.

At Halloween you recognize the gusto of existence, something broadly and courageously conceived as a thing of appetite and sensation, laughter and tears, birth, marriage and death, the cask of the home made wine as one expression, the casket of home made carpentry as another. Life gets its joy from the processes of the earth and returns to enrich them.

WITH the hunter's moon at full the autumn outdoors reveals the real ripeness and mellowness of old age, a luxe of design and color and texture which no other season presents and which in this is the glory of a moment and the regret of the next.

The colors of autumn are to the perceptions light giving. They are radiant to suggest that in themselves they have life. The maple, oak and sumac, birch and poplar seem to insist that they have effulgence within their own powers. It is the phosphorescent quality of this coloring which fascinates the attention and gratifies it.

There is also the audible sign of the great autumn movement. The woods are not silent, but full of crickling, rustling noises as acorns strike the fallen leaves and as the leaves themselves drop hesitantly.

Spiders throw their silver streamers across the path, the wild goose cries, the rusty blackbirds fly south in the mellow light of the late October night, the vesper sparrow is in the thickets and flutters the dead leaves; the wych-hazel holds to its yellow blossoms, the oak to its scarlet leaves; the haze of the evening diffuses the light of the hunter's moon; the last of the warblers pop in and out of the seed bearing weeds. The colorful season is closing to leave the woods to the grays and browns of winter. The rare luxe of October goes. Change is the dictator and its processes inexorable.

NOVEMBER

1 Benvenuto Cellini born 1500; Louisa de Kerouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, died 1734; Alexander Cruden died 1770.

The homely brown month.

Pig turns to sausage, bacon and ham.

2 Marie Antoinette born 1755; Sir Samuel Romilly died 1818.

In order to live optimistically, which is happily, we must attribute to others emotions which they do not feel and ascribe to them acts which they do not do.

3 Constantius, Roman emperor, died 361; Thomas de Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, killed in France 1428.

Pickling and curing.

A prudent hypocrisy is the necessary rule of life.

THE good brown earth and the good gray sky—elements in every aspect of the greatest human joviality, jovial because they are not luxuriant, because they connote if not impose conditions in which man lives by his own effort and not by a natural beneficence—all now asserted in the decay of things which have sprouted, bloomed, had their day and passed along.

We love what we create. In the luxuriance of a benevolent nature which gave shelter by not giving inclemency, which gave food by making starvation impossible, which gave everything needed by making nothing needful absent, there would be for folk spiritualized, as our folk are, a complete deadening of life.

Out of the close gray sky soon may come spits and scurries of snows, tumults of inclemency, which merely make more ruddy the inner comforts which are man made. The good brown earth is rich with seemly odors of the decay of everything that was productive and it was productive only as the time and labor of man went into it. We ask no benefactions, only the song of the chickadee to the gray morning, the last touch of the wild aster in a brown field, the crackle of a log on the fire, and such comforts from the fleshpot as we have won under such shelter as we can maintain.

The dead leaves are a carpet under foot and illusion walks over them as lightly as it walked over fields colored with fox grass at the end of an August day.

4 James Montgomery born 1771; John Benbow died 1702.
Venus stationary. Warm and a golden flood of light.
The best part of a dinner is the half hour before it.

5 Hans Sachs born 1494. The Gunpowder Plot 1605.
We fear that others have what we resent in ourselves. We therefore deny the law of general causes and assert that the mass is of higher moral order than that we would admit any member of the mass attained.

6 Caliph Omar assassinated at Jerusalem 644; Sir John Falstaff died 1460; Gustavus Adolphus killed at Lutzen 1632.
Here and there an oak has his leaves and will keep them until spring.
Human life is an artificiality.

7 William Stukeley, antiquarian, born 1687; Caius Cilnius Maecenas died 8 B. C.
Cooler.
The realistic necessity of humanity is to find an escape from natural cause and consequence, from the cruel nature which seems benignant and is ferocious. The sentimental necessity of humanity is to escape back to natural cause and consequence, imagining that the one is benevolent and the other beneficial. Nature respects only the tiger.

8 Duns Scotus died 1308; John Milton died 1674; Madame Roland guillotined at Paris 1793.
We think that humans make the tragedy of life by their own willfulness. Watch the hawk carry off the robin and the robin gobble the angleworm.

9 Mark Akenside born 1721; Marshal Count de Bourmont died 1846.
Successful life is merely successful preying upon other forms of life; the God that made the tiger did make the lamb.

10 Mohammed born 570; Martin Luther born 1483; Oliver Goldsmith born 1728; Frederick Schiller born 1759.
Mercury in conjunction with Jupiter.
Has the cat which kills the bird as much validity in life as the bird or has the bird which kills the worm as much validity as the worm?

THE chickadee sings to a brown month. The pleasant monochrome is the nimbus of the woods and the carpet of the earth, pleasant in its suggestion of homely comforts and intimate delights. November is a subdued interlude, a stasimon when the chorus, with soft winds and misty light, sings in waiting for dialogue and action of storm and inclemency.

The brown month, with its furtive touches of still vibrant life in willow and in colored leaf, with its etching of yellow wych-hazel blossoms, the last flowering of the year to throw a gossamer in the opening aisles of the woods, is a pause, expectant and waiting.

Expectation is with inclement prospect, the prospect of restriction when life proceeds on what it has stored, when its comfort and beauty, its appetites and its aspirations feed upon what it has within the four walls into which it is driven by the rigors without.

In spite of the yellow veil of wych-hazel and the glints of still live color, all the tendrils with which summer clings to autumn have been cut and November is bare to the approach of the forces which will cover the hill slope with white, pile up the drifts and skirl at the comfort which sits beside the fire. To the brown month the chickadee begins to sing and will sing as the snow prepares a landscape for the winter stars. There always is a song.

11 Canute the Dane, King of England, died 1035; the Armistice, 1918.
Chickadees again.
Martinmas is the time of the fat goose.

12 Peter Martyr died 1562; Sir John Hawkins died 1595; Charles Kemble died 1854.
Dried sweet corn for parching hangs in the root house.
Keep geese or ducks. They are good foragers. In season they lay well and on a green lawn they are decorative.

13 Justinian, Roman emperor, died 565; Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland, died 1093.
Crack walnuts by the fire.
We who are about to die laugh with you.

14 Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz died 1716; George William Frederick Hegel died 1831; John Abercrombie died 1844.
Oak leaves rustle in the wind.
Esau, whose belly was his god, is now the god of the belly.

15 Andrew Marvell born 1620; William Pitt born 1708; William Cowper born 1731; Sir William Herschel born 1738.
There are still yellow wych-hazel blossoms.
Suicide is the one act for which although it may affect none other than the person committing it, people choosing to live, have no defense. They may have feared that life was without purpose or objective. The suicide confesses that it is. He is buried at the crossroads with a stake through his heart. He has sinned against egotism.

16 Henry III of England died 1272; Perkin Warbeck, pretender to the English crown, executed 1499; Pierre Nicole, logician, died 1695.
New pork sausage.

17 Sir John de Mandeville died 1372; Alain Réné le Sage died 1747; Empress Catherine the Great of Russia died 1796.
Zest for cabbage and salt pork.
Ten acres may contain all of life.

DAY breaks with slate sky and steady rain; the dried helianthus stalks bow to the wind and drip upon the withered bracken; maple leaves are under foot in scarlet and yellow, pressed into the wet soil, flattened on the walk.

Fox sparrows flutter the viburnum leaves and wild grapes fall from ripe clusters. Corn rustles its dried husks, wild asters star the fields and golden rod nods to the requiem of the wind.

White oak keeps some green and a red dahlia looks down upon withered stalks; a yellow hollyhock is bright against the wall; black and white warblers are in the barberry; the rain drips from the eaves and blurs the west windows.

A rift in the slate roof and, with clearing sky, the October sun gives midday its mellow brightness; the spiced odors of decay arise from woods and field. A red sun in gray mists gives the west window its vesper colors, and early dusk shows the wood fire flashing against the panes of the casements.

The moon in its last quarter gives aisles of yellow light to the woods wherein the harvest fly sounds the last note of the summer choral. The song is dying. The wheel of the year turns to brown.

18 Cardinal Reginald Pole died 1558; Charles Heath, line engraver, died 1848.

The garden still yields some carrots.

The wind rides low against the ridge of the roof.

19 Charles I of England born 1600; Nicolas Poussin died 1665; the Man in the Iron Mask died in the Bastile 1703.

Parsnips are left in the garden to sweeten over winter.

Plucking the feathers of the gray goose overhead.

Uranus stationary.

20 Thomas Chatterton born 1752; Sir Christopher Hatton died 1591; Cardinal de Polignac died 1741.

Neptune stationary.

In a wager all you may know is that you can afford to lose.

21 Marcus Licinius Crassus, Roman triumvir, slain in Mesapotamia 53 B. C.; Eleanor, Queen of Edward I, died 1291 A. D.; Thomas Shadwell died 1692.

November is the kitchen month, the month of the fleshpots, of the smokehouse, the roothouse and the full granary.

22 Robert, Lord Clive, died 1774; John Stackhouse, botanist, died 1819.

Esau loves the hickory smoke of the smokehouse and the red geraniums of the kitchen.

23 Louis, Duke of Orleans, assassinated at Paris 1407; Richard Hakluyt, chronicler of voyages, died 1616; Antoine Francois Prevost died 1763.

The chickadee is back in the thickets; wild geese still flying overhead.

24 Laurence Sterne born 1713; John Knox died 1572.

The brown barnyard month of content after work.

Business women may fall in love with their employers because they see men at their keenest, in action and in the activities in which they are intelligent. The wife may see a conventional, tired, stupid, trivial human; the stenographer may see a purposive, alert, fighting son of Anak. One sees a clam, the other a sword-fish.

A WIND with a new voice fills the eaves and pulls at the casements. The dried rose vines pass forth and back and the thorns scratch the glass of the windows, scratching as if intangible beauties, less than the shadows of perfumed memories of a July night, were afraid of a new portent and were asking shelter; as if the red bud of the wild rose which had unfolded, paled and dropped its petals, were again where only the red berry remains and were asking shelter for the night.

The new voice is that of a wind which has passed over northern pine and hemlock, balsam and tamarack, which has carried snow and has been under the wings of the wild goose, which now comes to the white oaks with suggestions of what it has been and intimations of what it will become.

The sound in the gables and the eaves, at the casements and in the areas, around the corners and in the oaks, as the thorns of the climbing rose vines scratch at the glass and as the fire sputters, is the sound of the firs and hemlock, the whisper which is the intimation of storm and is a sign, with Orion coming into the evening sky.

Comfortable apprehensions start at the sound of the wind with a new voice, and the four walls of hut happiness find a new glow and new radiance from the light of the fire which is an answer to the sound without.

25 Lopez de la Vega born 1562; Dr. Isaac Watts died 1748.
Warm golden days, cool nights.

26 Prince William, son of Henry I of England, drowned in the White Ship 1120; Philippe Quinault died 1688.
"Men seek out retreats for themselves, cottages in the country, lonely seashores and mountains. Thou, too, art disposed to hanker greatly after such things; and yet, all this is the very commonest stupidity; for it is in thy power, whenever thou wilt, to retire into thyself."

27 Horace died 8 B C.; Clovis, first King of France, died 511; Maurice, Roman emperor, beheaded at Chalcedon 602.
"Avoid shame but do not seek glory; nothing so expensive as glory."

28 Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, beheaded 1499; Washington Irving died 1859.
Frost and close to winter.

29 Sir Philip Sidney born 1554; Roger Mortimer executed at Smithfield 1330; Cardinal Thomas Wolsey died 1530; Prince Rupert died 1682; Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary, died 1780.
A fine chill at night.

30 Euripides died 406 B. C.; Edmund Ironside assassinated 1016; Maurice, Marshal Saxe, died 1750.
A warm golden day.
Esau and the Puritan meet in understanding.

NARROWED horizons inclose an intimate world of brown and gray, and if the gray geese be not flying in the gray sky their presence is suggested and the intimation is of snow. Leafage of brown and vault of slate and damp dead leaves rustled under foot; bare fields stretching away in the valley lined with yellow roads, a gray etching without a patch of color.

A gray day is an esthetic refinement, void of bright allurements and dominant colors, gratifying the perceptions by its lack of bold outlines and of vivid flashes. Without warmth of color it warms the jovial mood. In its true meaning it is genial, suggestive of the unknown good which indomitable human optimism places just beyond the horizon which to-morrow's sun will reach in setting.

Life is not all a flutter of banners and a crash of drums. It is not all radiance and dancing ecstasy in the sunlight. It must veil some realities to give colors to some illusions. A gray day presents undecorated walls for illusion to paint. It draws curtains closely to suggest the good greater than reality which is just beyond them.

Reality is dimmed that fancy may be warm and highly colored.

DECEMBER

1 Princess Anna Comnena, historian, born 1083, Constantinople. Save hardwood ashes for the garden. They have at least five per cent of potash.

Science is the true romance but scientists are plumbers. Only the specialists can ascertain the facts; only the gifted dilettante can make the discovery worth anything.

2 Hernan Cortez, conqueror of Mexico, died 1547.
A cold rain.

It does not add much to human achievement that one man should know a thing or that a small group of men should know a thing.

3 Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma, died 1592.

The search for knowledge must be specialized; the diffusion of it ought to be generalized. It may be of no more use contained in a group than it would be if it were not realized.

4 Thomas Carlyle born 1795; Cardinal Richelieu died 1642.
Warm December days.

A woodpecker mind bores for worms and ignores the foliage.

DECEMBER is the month of the west window, the window of postmeridian life and of hut happiness, which is not for youth. Youth would increase its exertions and hope that pleasure would be relative to effort. Age would decrease its efforts, limit its experiences, and trust that happiness would reward discretion.

The west window opens upon the declining day and in December it opens upon the decline of the shortest days. It gets aslant the light of the southward sun near the winter solstice and it sees the glow of such brief and early evening coloring as the gray December skies allow as decorative prelude to the sharp descending night.

A rested and satisfied contemplation of the closing hours of the closing year belongs to postmeridian life. The gray and brown woods gradually are closed by shadows and the west window is dark. A lighted fire of logs prolongs the rested thought of frost-bound earth, slumbrous energy and shortened days. Life is for youth; the consideration of it for age. Youth goes out by the east window; age sits in the fading light of the west, but it has its gusto. The savors of the fleshpots dispel even the contented thoughts of the shortened day and the southern sun. A lighted reading lamp makes all the experiences of the world new in the pages on which they are recorded.

The west window is the real opening upon life. It has no promise but of an end.

5 Johann Wolfgang Theophilus Mozart died 1792.
Life must be made tolerable.

6 General George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, born 1608.
Chickadees.
Illness is the great adventure of small lives.

7 Cicero assassinated 43 B. C.
Colder.
Christianity went from the slave to the enslaver, from Asia Minor to Europe. What if Christ had remained in Palestine and Mahommed had gone to Sweden? What if the law of the other cheek had remained with such as had already to give both and the law of the sword had gone to the land of the two-handed sword?

8 Mary, Queen of Scots, born 1542.
Warmer and snow.
Man's answer to the universe was the creation of his soul.

9 Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden born 1594; John Milton born 1608.
A gray sky and snow flurries.

10 Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, killed 1282.
A whistling wind and a fine drive of snow.

11 Charles XII of Sweden killed at Frederickshall 1718.
Snow again.
It is important to select a good tobacco and a good coffee; to force narcissus in December and wild plum blossoms in early March; to dig parsnips before thawing and to grow green peas; to cut wood, hear the meadow lark in March and to find a good book.

12 Darius Nothus of Persia died 405 B. C.
An owl hoots at early twilight across the snow from a clump of oaks.

THE white narcissus blooms for the red winter sun. It is forced into perfumed and fragile beauty in intensive effort. Outside the walls is the frost-hardened ground, white patched with snow. The downy woodpecker hammers at the ball of suet. Brown leaves are caught in the prickly barberry, as wild, animate things trapped as they ran with the wind.

Every circumstance has driven life within walls. If it flowers, it must be as the white narcissus. Its restrictions force the intrinsic being to revealment.

Horizons have widened and life has narrowed. The objective world is frozen into inactivity. The wind harries and the cold nips and boundaries are contracted until the only activity is the intensive force which finds its source within.

The world is then as the mind makes it, colored as the mind colors it, decorated as the imagination decorates it. It is the way of the white narcissus.

13 Dr. Samuel Johnson died 1784.
Bright sunlight.
The nibbling hours eat at the rim of life; the wolfish days have had the core of youth.

14 Tycho Brahe born 1546. George Washington died 1799.
Venus stationary. A northeast wind and a gray sky.

15 George Romney born 1734; Izaak Walton died 1683.
Rose twilights.

16 Jane Austen born 1775.
Two inches of snow.
Spareribs and sauerkraut.

17 Ludwig Beethoven born 1770.
If it is your last dollar spend it as a lord.
At the end of the cask drink freely. An end should be met prodigally—if it, in reality, is the end.

18 Prince Rupert born 1619.
Life nears its greatest illusion.
For sauce to a browned duck, cranberries picked in the wild marsh in September when there was white frost in the morning, warmth and an odor of balsam at noon and an early evening chill with a white owl hooting across the lake.

19 Joseph Mallord William Turner died 1851.
Snow falls all day in great flakes in a lazy wind.
If what we call the gods are kind they will give you this night a reading lamp, a book your intellect and emotions both like, a log fire, a plate of red apples and a collie and a silver grey Persian kitten at your feet.

20 Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, martyred at Rome 107 A. D.
There is the white crescent of the moon in the west.

ST. THOMAS day comes with the shortest day and the longest night, and the downy woodpecker is back in the white oaks, with the hairy woodpecker and the sapsucker, the nuthatch, and the cheery chickadee and the junco.

The woods have their song again, sung at the suet box, by these hardy bits of feather, flight and song which cling to the bark of the desolated oak, the oak waving its tattered banners, banners of brown rags, banners of dead leaves which persist against the wind and the storm of snow.

In the white light of a beneficent December day, nearing Christmas, or in the gray of a low and glowering day, at the winter solstice, the woods, cleared of their migrants, cleared of their summer life, cleared of everything except such things as live and live cheerily when the drifts are at the fence tops, have still their song.

The woodpecker, with his flit and flight, with his "peenck" and call, waits for this period when, except for the chickadee, the woods are all his own, his call their song, his song the sound which gives them cheerful vibrance. And the stripped branches of the woods stand against the gray sky in gray lace. But there is a song. There always is a song.

21 **St. Thomas**
Giovanni Boccaccio died 1375. The winter solstice.
"St. Thomas gray, St. Thomas gray,
The longest night and the shortest day."
Seven days preceding and seven following the winter solstice are the halcyon days—when the halcyon breeds and the seas are stilled.

22 Emperor Vitellius beheaded at Rome 69 A. D.
Is time anything except what measures it? Is space anything except what occupies it? Can the measure or the tenant create the thing to be measured or tenanted? Can the clock create one infinity or the yardstick another?

23 Henri de Lorraine, Duke of Guise, assassinated at Blois 1588.
Deep snow.
Sleigh bells and laughter at night.

24 George of Cappadocia, Arian bishop, slain at Alexandria, 361 A. D.
Welcome Yule.
The great moment of human life when it stands with eager feet upon the threshold of its spiritual life.

25 **Christmas**

26 Stephen Girard died 1831.
The afterglow of the warmest human emotions and the keenest appetite.

27 Pierre de Ronsard died near Tours 1585.
Very cold.
Cakes and sausage.

28 Thomas Babington Macaulay died 1859.
Sirius and Orion fill the sky.

29 Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, murdered 1170.
The great winter sky of stars.

WHITE narcissus blossoms are within by south windows, and the new fallen snow is outside; the perfume of the fragile blooms and the crackle of a cheerful fire. Outside the brown of the woods and a gray sky promising a further plucking of geese.

Wild geese have been crying in the early morning and an owl has hooted. Outdoors threatens discomforts. Indoors has revealed the geniality of confined and cheerful life. Illusion conquers fact and promise defeats experience. Life is nothing in its present and everything in its prospect. The greater good lies constantly beyond and continually out of reach, constantly alluring and always guiding, never reached and never abiding.

No one ever made the experience of a day sufficient to justify the fact of a day. Its value always is made by its to-morrow. No one hour is sufficient unless it have in illusory prospect a better hour, no day unless it have in prospect a better day, no year unless it have in prospect a better year.

The fact will not do. The prospect must give the fact value. Christmas is the acceptance of the great promise. It is the festival of the great promise. It is the yeast of life. On one day the prospect is the present. One day a year the illusions of life may be the present condition of life, one day and one alone.

On Christmas day hope is reality and sits as such by the fire and the holly wreaths. By the brown skin on the roasting goose, by the song of the chickadee, by the crackle of the log, by the skirl of the wind, by the gray of the sky, by the promise of good, by the sense of comfort, by the dominance of illusion, folk know that the scheme is good.

30 Richard, Duke of York, killed at Wakefield 1460.
We are uneasy when asked to look at a sun in the term of light years.

31 **New Year's Eve**
John Wycliffe died 1384.
The arc is a closed circle.

A SNOW filled fir is the symbol of human optimism; genial in the bleakness of any bleak circumstances, warm with jovial human expectancy surviving experience, dominating the present, and bold for the prospect.

The indomitable green which stands above the snow drifts, which takes a voice from the wind and gives it a perfume, carries the undying illusion of life which now makes white fields glisten in the December moon.

The spirit of the fir is the spirit of the everlasting child which survives the shock of life as the evergreen survives the storm, which stands in the bleakness of experience as the fir stands in the drifts, which finds its song in the storm as the fir finds its voice in the wind.

Something of the evergreen persists when the leafage of life has fallen under foot and rustles as the memories pass over it. Of this evergreen the fir is the symbol, symbol of an eternity of illusion, shaping and coloring fact to its purposes. And on this occasion of the Birth, men carry the evergreen indoors and make it the sign to childhood of their belief in enduring good.

A SPRUCE feathered by new snow; brown leaves showing through little patches of snow, ice in patches on the walk, a crystal frosting on the ground, juncoes in the leaves.

Brilliance in the sunlight, close gray skies, a stimulation of illusion, an apprehension of the greater good, fancy freed from fact, intimations of benevolence in the rush of a snow storm, suggestions of comfort in the bluster of a cold rain; revelations of content in the sound of the wind scolding in the eaves, suggestions of beneficence in portents caught by the imagination.

Geniality reflected from ungenial conditions, benevolence from conditions benevolent only as the mind operates upon them; the chickadee singing in a wilderness of winter brown and singing as the human optimism.

Cordiality and hope growing warmer in the soul, belief in the imponderable good more firmly fixed; the world which exists in the mind more firmly established.

The snow covered spruce is the symbol of this world of dominant illusion, standing to cover utter bleakness but to reveal the largest reality of beneficence.

CHANGE is the law and demand for it the passion of folk; from the brown of December to the white of January, from raw and melting March to uncertain but germinating April, from hepatica and hermit thrush to wild rose and nesting tanager; from helianthus and whip-poorwill to wych-hazel and chickadee. The present is a husk—the kernel is in the future.

Life cannot be static. Its happiest moments are only preludes to hours to come, which in their turn are but heralds of days. Satisfaction is always beyond. That these days nibble at the sum of life, which it is no human's desire to diminish, does not reduce the desire to have one day bow in the next.

Time is a door man, and he lets in hours with good promises. No day is sufficient in itself. Each is important only as it introduces a successor. Each has eaten away its bit of robustness and leaves less to its successor, but life thrives on the diminishing fact of life. It is a thing not of experience but of prospect; not of what it constantly is, but of what it constantly hopes to be.

The voice of all this irony is the voice of the clock. Let it be a tall, sonorous crier of the dwindling time, one which has seen mirth and death, birth and pain, which has become saturate with the experiences of many generations and has looked upon the hopeful following of prospects by many humans.

Capella follows Vega, the oak leaves drop and the arbutus blossoms. Change is a destroyer embraced as the greatest good.

HUT happiness accepts proportions. Life has difficulty in establishing them and maintaining them because they seem destructive to egotism, to the kindly illusion of grandeur which makes the individual too important to be inconsiderable or unconsidered.

Change is a natural shock to illusion, when it is violent, and even when it is gentle it will oppress postmeridian life unless experience has brought acceptance. We know the wild rose petals cannot be enduring and remain charming. Their value is in evanescence.

To be saddened by what gives value to the thing that pleases is a contradiction in emotion. Proportion is the basis of happiness. It accepts the relation of the song of the wood thrush and of the petal of the wild rose to eternity, and it can think of distances expressible only in light years and live within distances measured by the garden wall. The individual thus acceptive stands undismayed as a midge in vastness.

Intelligence comprehends the vastness, pleasure finds itself in proximate things, in intimate acres and a period embraced by life. The relation of these acres and the ephemerality of this period can be understood and they remain scented by sweet clover, filled with wild roses, and all important to the individual for the time being sentient.

IN hut happiness familiarity breeds contentment. The beaten path is the chosen one. Life pleasurably is formed by the recurrence of known and proved phenomena. It may be spiced, but is not made, by the unexpected.

The delight in finding fringed gentians where they were known to be is greater than that of coming upon them otherwise. Hut happiness has design carefully etched. It protects a delicate fabric from the blunders of chance so far as it is able.

It is necessarily a scheme of routine carefully preserved, not with dull and deadened acceptance of it as unavoidable but with knowledge that custom and habit, the familiar and the expected, form the basis of placid and reasonable life.

It is, thus, the knowledge of a thing done pleasurably yesterday which gives pleasurable anticipation of the thing to be done to-day. Routine is the great law of the universe and adjustment to it does not mean stagnation in the human mind but rather indicates observation, perception and satisfaction.

The soft maple colors its leaves. Capella comes back into the evening sky, the fox sparrow comes from the north and on the road to hut happiness the ordained routine of a world of ordered change is observed with confidence in the stability and endurance of things subjected to change.

The observation which has noted a clump of button rockets in a familiar place and has been pleased to find them there is also given pleasure by the reappearance of Orion in the late night sky. The scheme is ordered.

A COVERT of hemlock and balsam, a thick stand of evergreen, wind shaped at the edge of the headland, bent by the east wind which throws the spray in a mist towards it, dark as a brooding mass of blue clouds on the horizon, full of the low song of gentle winds, vibrant to the touch of the storm.

A gray sky and an east wind which rolls the whitecaps towards the beach where the waves uncurl and break; wind and waves carrying the voices of a far off world which can send only its murmurs and not else reveal itself, a world of which the dark cloud patch on the horizon is a mirage and of which the sound in the stand of hemlock and balsam is the annalist and prophet.

A day which has been gray from its break, with scurries of snow, fitful, with a termagant wind; an outlook which can have a glow only as there is a glow within the eyes which see it. The hut by a copse of birch; four walls which contain an intensified world, for the microscopic play of all emotions; a view large enough for vision, narrow enough for illusion.

One world beyond the covert of hemlock and balsam at the edge of the headlands; another at the hearth on which wood ashes fall; one great and gray, one intimate and ruddy.

THE solitary horseman appears on a hill top and rides down into the valley to an inn, where he orders a fowl and a hare to be put to the spit, and where he sits with his posset or his sack, watching as his dinner is basted and browned, and there is a wind, we trust, dashing the rain against the windows.

Thus he does not come to alien food, but comfortably to the pleasant climax of a genial process, and in the mood and with the appetite for it. We, who wish to draw up a chair with him, must go to the ice box and contemplate how life, however bounteous in foods, has become impoverished in the savor of them.

In making life mechanistic we rob it of savor. The once intimate processes of its subsistence, its kindly, familiar agents, become alien. A dinner is the great common social function; a thing of gusto, of mellow, enriched mood, to which the human brings contentment and in which he finds comfort.

The kitchen should be wide and generous, odorous with spices, with easy chairs, a tall clock and potted geraniums, a place arranged to permit occasional invasion by one who wishes to have his attention distracted from a book by the sight of a fat fowl pulled from the oven for basting.

Thus is created a mood of keenly sensed material comfort familiar to the substantial processes of life with all their savor and significance. Hut happiness must have an inviting kitchen contributing its odorous fleshpots to the gusto of appetent and perceptive life.

THE red winter sun reaches its furthest south, turns and returns along the rim of the world. From green earth to brown and from brown to green. The brown leaf is where the hepatica grew, but hepatica will push the moldering brown leaf aside. The chickadee sings where the wood thrush sang, but the wood thrush will sing again in the blossoming thorn.

From the tender, lucent skies of June to the gray sky of January; from the perfume of thorn blossoms to the perfume of the white narcissus; from Vega in the evening sky to Sirius shining on white fields of snow; from the south wind with the odors of viburnum to the north wind with flurries of snow.

The wheel turns, from the green tip on the balsam fir to the yellow blossom on the wych-hazel; from the bold, curled shoot of the hepatica to the sheltered beauty of the gentian; from the red bud of the wild rose to the red berry of its winter bush. The wheel turns and the sands run and life flashes its colors and its moods, never static, evanescent in period, eternal in process, sure that it changes in the wheel, from bud to yellow leaf and back to bud again, certain that its evanescence is its eternity and that its ephemerality is its permanence.

BACK of the yellow leaf of the white oak, the memory of the wild rose in bud; back of the brown leafage which rustles dry in the north wind the memory of the foliage of June; back of the gray days the memory of radiant days; back of the winter night the memory of the odorous night of June with a wood thrush singing to the last color of the west.

Life is experience which packs its increasing load of memories and finds itself in the pack it carries, nothing in the present, nothing certain in the prospect, everything in the past. What it remembers it has. The burden it carries is itself. The way that it has gone is the only way it knows.

The wild rose in bud is eternal and the song of the wood thrush at sundown everlasting. The brown nimbus of the woods which is December's crown is only a patch of color subdued for the present, but to true perception there are always the hepatica on the slopes and the odor of thorn blossoms carried by the south wind. Experience cannot be robbed of its memories. The hands of circumstance which place new memories upon the pack cannot take away the ones which have been carried along the way.

The wild rose is always red in its bud.

THE way is walled high with helianthus, wild peas, and wild asters. Wherever the sun has had fair play upon the wall it is tall and massive, seems impenetrable with hazel and viburnum, small oaks and elders, golden rod and sumac. Much rain has added to its luxuriance. It shows no signs of autumn sear, only the brilliance of ripened colors.

In unfrequented places the fringed gentian prepares to bloom. The rum cherry has ripened and birds, their molting and moodiness past, are appetent and active. Warblers are coming from the north. Any day the woods and seed bearing weeds along the road will be a-flitter and a-twitter with a new flock of migrants which whisk in, set every leaf and twig in motion, and whisk out again.

Downy woodpeckers, redheaded woodpeckers and flickers work on the trunks and limbs of white and red oak. Wild grapes ripen and folk who know wild grape jelly go graping. And folk who know the worth of the wild crab wait the time when its apple will be full grown among the thorns.

The harvest moon approaches. The harvest nears the granary. This is the fulfillment of productiveness. The dweller in hut happiness knows that the rich climax of the year is at hand when all things appear benignant and sustaining, designed for purpose and that purpose his comfort.

The early twilight finds him traveling the helianthus and aster walled road towards the fire of logs which shall take away an early chill.

IN hut happiness one wall has a bank of hollyhocks. Their beauty has the quality of intimacy and friendliness. It may delight a cottager or pleasure a king, add a measure to pomp or a charm to simplicity, but with greatest kindliness it seeks the cottage.

Hollyhocks in summer are what a log fire is in winter, a representation, a substantiation, of the highest seasonal good. They are stability and freedom from change. They grow in dignity and luxury as they are undisturbed by fate or fickleness. Thus they connote order and established ways. They give grace to antiquity and softened splendor to old age.

They indicate that their surroundings have been pleasant in the habits of people and that a way and condition of life has been found which is satisfactory and has been permitted to acquire the mellowness which new things lack. They reveal that there is to the locality which they adorn a background of human experience cherished for its pleasant or sorrowful components.

Thus the hollyhock is a symbol of human life. It represents, with stately architecture and warm and intimate colors, a copiousness of life which has been rooted and had continuity. It suggests not only that folk are living but that folk have lived and that life is not an ephemeral manifestation but an enduring fact.

Hut happiness finds its serenity in such contemplations as the hollyhock suggests, and therefore a wall has a bank of hollyhocks.

SMALL acorns, dropping through the green foliage, tap as if with the impatient feet of time upon the threshold of a door opened for departure. Age gradually opens the aperture of the hourglass and the sands run more swiftly as they lessen. When little is left to expectancy that little hastens to join the past.

The wild rose no sooner unfolds its bud than its petals fall. The midge has its second in the sun. The colors of the field grow rich and wither. The wood thrush sings a moment to the sunset and night closes upon its song.

With swifter feet the days go into the future and the imprint of where they have been is covered by the falling leaves. When life has accumulated its major experiences it hastens its pace. June may dwell in ecstasy. August hurries towards completion.

Expectation lengthens time. Accomplishment shortens it. Hope is a deferrer of days. Despair is a smith which shoes them with lead. Accomplishment gives them wings.

The cicada fills the woods with prophetic sound, prophetic of the end of a rich and colored season, of the beginning of the narrowed way to be traveled alone.

Golden rod gives a yellow glory to the speeding days and earlier drop the purple curtains of the night.

GOLDEN rod and white daisies; the noble architecture of button rockets raised in miniature majesty to the sun; the green corn standing high and tasseled as full emblem of productivity; the old song of the tanager at dawn; the new song of the cicada at night.

Burnt fields and green, heavy woods, drowsy with heat and sleepy content; fields waving with grass; sumac red in its panicles; the helianthus, a yellow starred follower of the August sun.

Serenity with low song; contentment with purring murmur; placidity with a sense of accomplishment; unrest, a page which has been turned; achievement, one which lies open; bereavement, one to be cut, read and experienced.

Sands run in the monotony of ordained ways which may be good, may be melancholy, may be exquisite, may be malevolent, but, whatever else they are, must be certain.

A dial stands where the wild rose had red buds and now has red berries. Its shadow marks the hours now when they have experience as then when they had hope.

THERE are elements of melancholy in a spring evening which escape the reason but persist in the instinct. Everything palpable is gracious and inspiring. The imponderables are gray. Spring invites gaiety and a light heart, but beyond all the springs is eternal winter. The imponderable melancholy is in the afterglow—in the evening song of the wood thrush, in the soft wind which comes from the fields and from the woods where the hylas sings.

The evening is ephemeral and admonitory, gracious and minatory. It too nearly, for man, touches ideality. It is too ignorant of reality. Possibly the lotus-eaters were not happy, merely cloyed. A blustering autumn day, signifying approaching desolation, is stimulating. A gray day drives a human to make his own comforts, both spiritual and physical. A perfect spring evening asks nothing of men but enjoyment, and he finds that as everything is offered him and nothing asked of him, he is sad.

Possibly all estheticism has the element of melancholy, born of the regret that beauty is not the ordinary of life and that it cannot be the ordinary. It cannot be grasped, possessed and held. It eludes. It is touched, but it escapes.

The wood thrush sings and violets fill the woods.

IN the slate colored sky of a gray day nearing evening the wild geese fly, calling. The place over which they pass is one devoted to the ordinary ways of life with its conventions and small duties. The geese came out of the wild.

The person hearing this call from overhead and going outdoors in hope of seeing a wedge of far-away flying forms, follows the call of illusion. He lives in unavoidable reality and modifies it by illusion. He is not what he knows he is but something which he hopes to be.

The call of the wild goose from overhead stirs every emotion which would attack the realities of life. The wild goose is illusion. It is the unattainable. It sounds from the lands of fancy. It awakes the suggestions of things different from the commonplace.

Things are as they are, but must be thought to be different. The call of the wild goose overhead is the call of what is different. Conventions and habits disappear. Lakes and rice bordered shores come into the imagination. The partridge whirs out of the thickets and the wolf howls about the camp at night. Bears leave their tracks in the sand and deer jump out of the clover by the trail.

An instinct for something beyond the routine of an orderly life abides and when the wild goose calls from overhead illusion awakes and sweeps through the imagination. The wild goose is illusion. It is valued but unobtainable.

WILD asters bloom by the side of the scarlet maple. The field is yellow with golden rod and brown with dried grasses. Aspens and beech rustle yellow leaves in the west wind. Saplings of oak have bronzed or browned their foliage.

Vesper sparrows billow in their flight over fields of bracken and dried helianthus. Chickadees and juncoes are in the thickets. The hermit thrush is in the fallen leaves. Golden winged flickers flock for passage.

A nip of frost at night, a flash of the northern lights, Jupiter well up in the sky as Arcturus goes down in the west; in the morning white frost on wood pile and path. Gray days when a flight of mallards, arising out of the wild rice, goes west against a slate colored sky into a void of far-away loneliness; days of white sunlight when in the evening the duck, by twos or fives, fly west against the crimson and purple of sundown.

The day, gray or white, with a close of crimson and purple or with one of darkening clouds, with rain pelting the roof or with Jupiter showing in through an east window, brings, at its end, an appetent creature to the fire and reading lamp and the odor of fleshpots. For an October evening good sweet cabbage and salt pork and a book wherein folk do much in a simple fashion and hear the north wind a great deal.

THE elders blossom and summer is at its full, with its first fruits ripe for man. The warm tide of days comes in, and if the hourglass be not serene then the cinders of discontent are hopelessly in its sands.

The dial ought, in a rose garden where moss and ferns suggest the past, register, now, the present by a shadow which is beautiful where it rests and not pathetic in its distance from happy hours it has passed.

Recollection plus sensation is the whole of sentient life, and in a rose garden in late July, recollection ought to be fragrant and sensation rich in effect. There ought to be, in a July rose garden, serenity in memory, placidity in the present, and hope in the prospect. In these elements is the complete life of folk who cheat fate.

The woods keep something of each thing which has been given them. Experience is the color of life; age the beauty of a forest. The running sands decorate existence, and the year is enriched as it grows older.

Youth is vigorous and white; age must be placid and full of colors. Each experience touches life with its brush dipped in the colors which fate holds out. The brush moves on. The tint remains. The wild rose keeps its berry to show that it once had unfolded a red bud.

WHEN the early golden rod comes to bloom in the fields and by the roadways the rich days of the changing seasons have arrived. Golden rod and helianthus, brown eyed daisies and yellow toad flax make the prospect golden. The sun sets as a gold ball in the thick mists of summer evening and asks that men contemplate the reach of 93,000,000 miles and learn proportions.

It is at its close that life allows understanding. The midday sun defies the eyes. The evening sun permits its distance to be a matter of comprehension. The morning sun will not submit to scrutiny. Only the sun of the close of day will allow itself to be viewed by mortals, to be revealed in form appraised by distance. Life in its vigor will not be subjected to examination. It progresses by unquestioned force. It is; it does not answer. It insists; it will not have examination.

As the meridian of life is crossed and as the sun goes south, in the haze of summer days at their close, things stand clear, defined, visible and known. One may look at the setting sun of August as one may look at life. One may see with a perception of distance and proportions, of relative values and worth, of power and utility, things to which youth in its spring and day in its morning is blinded.

The golden rod blooms and button rockets spring up to decorate the fringe of the earth. The cricket sounds and the world hums. Mid-August is static and permits a glimpse into the processes which have been swift and mysterious.

Golden rod and helianthus spread the cloth of gold.

LEAVES have fallen from the shagbark hickory, but snapdragons are still yellow on sunny banks; the sumac is a flame of red, but wild asters blossom, still fresh, at the edge of the thicket; the wild goose goes overhead at night, but the garden still has its dahlias; the oak is a burnished mass of bronze, but the helianthus still stands yellow at the roadway.

Golden rod and the song of the chickadee; vesper sparrows in the fields and the hermit thrush in the brush; warblers in the viburnum; seed bearing bush a-flutter with migration.

The fullness of life touches the decay of it; the day, which is soft and warm in the life of a southering sun, needs in its night the genial fire of logs; the colors which have been resplendent in the summer live but to fringe the more golden colors of the decay.

Air turns to wine; zest comes with loss; beauty with change. Life knows that the period is rounded out and in that knowledge is vibrant.